

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 13, No. 4 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 9 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$3. Whole No. 628

## To Our Readers.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER is entirely sold out, and it is to be hoped that regular readers of this paper who desired to secure a copy of the Number accepted the hint given in black type at the foot of this page last week. We regret to hear that in many cases persons who have regularly purchased our Christmas Numbers for the past dozen years were this year deprived of it through the failure of newsdealers to send in their orders soon enough—we regret this very much, but are unable to do anything. It is impossible to now prepare a second edition, there being so much color printing in this year's Number that the work could not be put through in time. We desire to announce, however, that a second edition of the flag picture—"C" Company Canadian Contingent—will be prepared and placed on sale at a reduced figure.

## Things in General.

A VERY timely protest has been made by a prominent citizen against the cartage through our principal streets of carrion and filth. Apparently, the drivers of garbage-wagons delight in using the most prominent thoroughfares for loads of most objectionable material, and it having been stated by Dr. Sheard, the Health Officer, that there is no law governing this matter, one should be at once enacted. Dead horses, swill-wagons and loads of stinking things should not be allowed on prominent thoroughfares. In many European cities not only is this sort of thing prohibited, but the prohibition extends to loads of lumber, drays of all sorts; and men carrying lengths of gas or water pipe, or encumbered with large parcels, must either take the back streets or walk in the roadway over the distance for which they have to use a prominent thoroughfare. On our crowded streets it is not fair that pedestrians should be escorted by wagons bearing the most beastly contents, nor should they be jostled and injured by careless bicyclists or porters who occupy more of the street than ten ordinary persons would require. Everybody has a right to the street, it is true, but the convenience of the great mass of pedestrians is infringed upon by the few who rudely, and without the slightest care, enjoy making a nuisance of themselves. The majority should rule, and the convenience of the vast majority should receive more attention than any demagogic clamor that any old thing, dead or alive, has a right to be mixed up with the throng.

The whole daily press having recognized the justice of the complaint that has been made, some means of preventing the nuisance will be found by the City Council. While this task is being undertaken it should be enlarged. It is said that those who have licenses to play organs and peddle small wares, can thrust themselves into any public place, no matter whether the proprietor is willing or feels himself injured. Take, for instance, a number of thoroughly disreputable-looking women who peddle on the principal streets and intrude themselves in restaurants, saloons and business offices. It would appear that no legal resistance can be made to their importunities. If any attempt is made to eject them they sit down on the floor and use the most foul language, and if force is used, those using it, unless they are policemen, can be summoned into the Police Court the next day. I was passing along King street the other day when one of these women was ejected from a prominent saloon and restaurant. She went back and smashed the large glass pane in the door. The proprietor was powerless to punish her, because if she had been summoned she would also have summoned him. I am not taking the pains to enquire whether these keepers of public houses can be legally pestered by these peddlers, or whether those who enter these houses must submit to the solicitations of these people, but I have asked several of them, and they all tell me that they have made enquiries and found that they were defenceless. It cannot have escaped the notice of the police how improperly a number of these so-called peddlers conduct themselves. Even the publican and sinner have some rights and they should be protected from such people. Nor is it the protection of only the proprietors of public places which is necessary. The customers of these public houses should not be subjected to legalized impertinences and persistent solicitation which is nothing but begging in its lowest form.

I would suggest, if this state of things is correctly understood, that when a license is given to either man or woman to peddle, or to run a hand-organ or a street-piano, the license should contain a clause absolutely forbidding such people to enter any licensed house of entertainment for the purpose of procuring money. Any day you can see women carrying babies, working the hotels and bar-rooms of the city, female peddlers catching hold of men who are in public houses and saying things which should be heard in no decent place. If the proprietors of these places cannot protect themselves the police should take the matter up. I will go further and say that young girls selling the *War Cry* even, should by their superiors be directed to remain outside of such places. Their presence does harm rather than good. Furthermore, the peddlers who pester the large office buildings, if once notified that peddlers are not allowed, should be considered guilty of trespass if they persist in returning. Life is too short and the time of business men too valuable to have any of it lost by the importunities of these beggars, for they are simply nothing but beggars. I believe that if they are unable to make a living these people should be provided for in a suitable place, and I am certain that the people of the city would rather pay their alms in supporting these disguised mendicants in an institution of some sort, than be the victims of their frequent visits and almost unbearable importunities.

THE departmental stores of this city, buying either through a newsdealer or a newsboy, obtained some copies of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number and displayed them at a slightly reduced price. The total number of copies that they obtained must have been very small, and the fact that they consider our issue attractive enough to induce them to resort to devious ways to procure a few of them to sell to their customers, must be considered as a compliment, though evidently not intended as such nor calculated to do the publishers any good. We simply desire to say that this display was not made with our connivance, for as the issue is already disposed of, and for the past week it has been a question of how to fill our orders, we cannot be suspected of employing departmental store methods in the disposal of that which, unfortunately, has been altogether an insufficient edition, though considerably larger than the one of last year.

MAGISTRATES must have a strange idea of their duty when they send the son of a vagrant to prison at his father's request. Apparently young John Hughes, who was stabbed by Arthur Cardinal in the Central Prison, had committed no offence, but was committed to be company for his father or to keep him out of mischief. His dangerous wounds, if they have not already proved fatal, indicate that the best, not the worst, persons are apt to come to grief. The degenerate

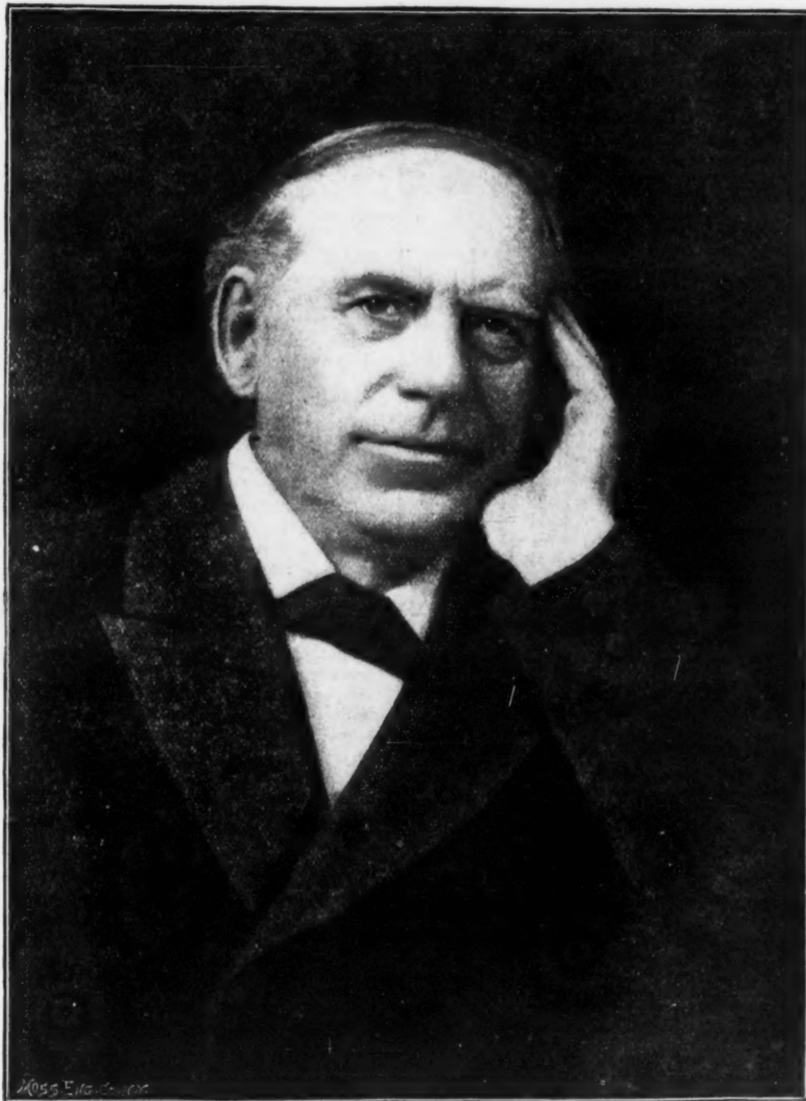
brute who attacked him, it is said, considers that he did nothing but what was "manly" in punishing the Prison messenger for having informed the authorities that he had attempted to assault him. Surely the whole business should be investigated, for our prisons are not intended as places of detention for lads who have committed no offence, nor is it the duty of magistrates to get rid of vagrants by glibly committing them to an institution like the Central Prison. Of course if Hughes dies, Cardinal will be hanged, and at any rate his sentence will be greatly increased in severity, but that does not release the community from the sin of placing Hughes in the position in which he has been discovered. Articles which have already appeared on this page have indicated that a revision of the present code is absolutely necessary. The Cardinal-Hughes episode furnishes conclusive proof that a reorganization and a revision of our present methods must be immediately undertaken.

THE Jarvis street Collegiate Institute for years has not been satisfactory to those who pay for its maintenance. That this condition of affairs should have existed without rearing any popular clamor as it ordinarily finds its expression in newspapers or in public meetings, can only be accounted for by the respect and affection which are felt for Principal MacMurchy. He has been forty-one years in the Jarvis street insti-

tution, his life has been without reproach, and there is a sincere affection felt for him which is so great a compliment that nothing now said in favor of a thorough reorganization of the whole institution can nullify it. Admitting this, it does not follow that the High School Board of Toronto can afford to overlook the fact that the school over which this esteemed gentleman presides is more expensive and less satisfactory than either of the other two in the city of Toronto. The maintenance of the institution is paid for by the fees of pupils and the taxes of the citizens. It having become for some reason or another unpopular, the fees of the pupils have decreased, the attendance is disproportionately to the expenditure, and the results thoroughly unsatisfactory. The Harbord street school, in a locality more unsituated than that of the Jarvis street district, having 351 pupils, with twelve teachers, and the Parkdale school, still less fortunate in location, with 248 pupils and ten teachers, both present a much better record. The Jarvis street Collegiate Institute has for its district from Beverley and St. George streets eastward to the city limits; Harbord street from the western confines of the Jarvis street district to Dundas street and down as far as Queen street. Anyone glancing at the map of the city and remembering that Jarvis street had the advantage of being the oldest of the three, cannot but wonder at this condition of things. The Jarvis street school costs for teachers more money than the others. Admittedly it is giving poorer service. It is alleged that forty or fifty families are sending their children from the Jarvis street district to the other collegiate institutes, while many of them are contributing to private institutions and to Upper Canada College, under circumstances which would not exist were Jarvis street Collegiate Institute better conducted.

There is not a matter of sentiment, but of public business. On Tuesday night two of the teachers in the Jarvis street Institute were dismissed, while a notice of motion for the dismissal of all the teachers and a thorough reorganization was put on file by one of the sub-committee who were appointed to look into the condition of things at the old school. It must be very sad indeed to everyone to see old teachers thus thrust aside, though we must admit that our schools must be kept up no matter what personal sympathy we have for teachers who are alleged to have become antiquated in the service. If we were satisfied that the dismissal of the two teachers would result in

a reorganization of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute, we would be fairly well compensated for the regret incidental to their removal. Unfortunately, no such confidence is felt. Principal MacMurchy, who has been forty-one years in the institution, has been so gentle and kindly in his regard for those teachers under his supervision that it is to be feared that a much more radical change must be made before this school is made as efficient as it should be. The gentleness of character and considerateness of the Principal have for many years marked him as unable to organize and maintain the school as it must be constituted before the people of the district will be satisfied. To suggest his removal seems an act of brutality, yet what are we to do? The citizens are paying for the school; the majority of them are not personally acquainted with the Principal's endearing qualities. A large number of children are being sent elsewhere, and nothing remains but for the public to insist upon a thorough and drastic change. It is said that there is no provision for a retiring allowance for men like Mr. MacMurchy and Mr. Crawford. It may be dangerous to create a precedent, but if it has to be created let this fear be dismissed rather than have an ill-managed school carried on because of the great social, religious and other influences which support and, out of sympathy, maintain it in its present inefficient state.



T. De Witt Talmage

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage will preach in the Metropolitan Church on Sunday afternoon at Three o'clock, and lecture in Massey Hall on Monday evening at Eight o'clock.

The notice of motion for the dismissal of the entire staff and its thorough reorganization should receive the support of the Collegiate School Board. The enormous influences which have been brought to bear to continue the school in its present slumberous condition should be brushed aside unless those in charge of the collegiate institutes, many of whom are accused of occupying their positions by means of log-rolling instead of by popular election, are to have the whole burden of their uselessness thrust upon them and an amalgamation with the Public School Board forced as an immediate issue. It is quite easy to imagine that men who have received appointments by means of favor and influence would be more easily influenced by the methods they used themselves, than are those who are elected by the people. It may be distinctly said that the people are not satisfied with the Jarvis street school. If it is not reorganized the people will not be satisfied with those who refuse to attend to this important affair. No amount of influence brought to bear to make Messrs. Crawford and McEichen the scapegoats can long delay the thorough reorganization of the Jarvis street school. Those who are resisting the movement will be most unkind to those teachers most affected by the change. Not only the inefficient teachers, but the inefficient trustees as well will be thrust out. This business has to be attended to, and at once. And now that the matter has once been opened the campaign will not cease until the Jarvis street school is thoroughly manned and modernized.

There are many who believe that we have too many collegiate institutes in Toronto. I am of this opinion, and have frequently urged that the Jarvis street school should be made a girls' collegiate institute. If about it were grouped dormitories under the charge of ladies of various religious bodies it should not be difficult to have five or six hundred pupils. Throughout the whole of Canada there is an enormous area where schools suitable for girls are not accessible. These girls are now sent to ladies' colleges and convents, where, I am sorry to say, the instruction is not at all equal to that given by collegiate institutes. Why not make the Jarvis street institution the center of a group of ladies' colleges where religious instruction may be given by various denominations, and painting and music, and that sort of thing, taught, while the general education of the girls would be carried on in the school under provincial supervision? If the School Board

would make this change I am positive that in the course of a few years the school would not only be self-supporting, but money-making; that hundreds of girls from all over the Dominion and from the Southern States would be domiciled in its neighborhood, either in boarding-houses or in dormitories, under the charge of ladies of various religious denominations; that girls from the city who desired to attend the Collegiate Institute would also find it to their advantage to attend a purely girls' school, and we would practically have a girls' Upper Canada College established in Toronto. The money spent by these young ladies and the amount of good done would thoroughly pay the city for making the experiment. We are trying to make the city one much favored by outsiders. There is no better means of accomplishing this than the method I suggest. The other two schools might be open to boys and girls alike, but the purely girls' school would no doubt attract by its methods and management the better class of young ladies from all over Toronto and Canada.

THE silence of General Buller greatly hampers the yellow journals of New York. If they could depend upon receiving six lines each day from the front, they could easily use this to color six columns daily of interesting reading matter purporting to be wired from the front. But when Gen. Buller retires into complete silence for four or five days at a stretch, during which time the various columns of his army may either be standing still or fighting big battles, it becomes impossible for the yellow journals to write fake despatches without running serious risk of being exposed and made to look ridiculous. General Buller does not seem to care a copper for the newspapers, and the cable lines are monopolized by official despatches, while correspondents for the newspapers of the world write reams of copy that they cannot get transmitted by wire. This is not a yellow-journal war. The generals in charge are military men, not politicians. The first thought of the politician is to see that there are tables and chairs for the reporters, and when you put a politician at the head of an army he considers war correspondents as necessary as cavalry or artillery.

Flushed with the successes of yellow journalism in relation to the United States' war with Spain, and baffled by the silence of General Buller and his indifference to the press, the New York "yellows" are inventing despatches that are rather absurd. One is to the effect that France and the Vatican are proposing to intervene to save the Boer republics. A more absurd combination could scarcely be spoken of even by a humorist. There is little sympathy to-day between French politics and the Church of Rome. Nor is it likely that the Pope is concerned about the Boer republics, where Roman Catholics miss many privileges freely accorded them under British rule.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR of Toronto does not often place himself in public view. He came to Toronto and with very little flourish entered upon his important duties, but occasionally the remark is made that he is proving to be as sound a disciplinarian as he was reputed to be at the time of his appointment. There is one story illustrating this phase of his character, and although I do not vouch for it, yet it is probably true. It is said that when he was Bishop of London one of his parish priests, being ill, secured three months' leave of absence, but remained away six weeks longer without asking permission or sending any word to his Bishop. He was deprived of his parish, and after submitting for a while he came to Toronto and induced the late Archbishop Walsh to intercede for him. The Bishop replied to the Archbishop that he could not accept outside suggestions regarding his own family matters. The priest then interviewed Monsignor Mery del Val, who promised to adjust the difference, and on meeting the then Bishop of London intimated that he wished the priest restored to his parish, and this not being sufficient the Papal Alegate put it in almost the form of a command. The Bishop at once challenged Monsignor's authority as being insufficient, and Monsignor dropped the matter. The priest some time later journeyed to Rome, where, after three months' waiting about the Vatican, he secured an audience of His Holiness the Pope and secured an assurance that his case would be made the subject of a special communication, and that he might return home with an easy mind. Home he came and reported for duty. But the story goes that the steadfast Bishop, instead of giving him his own parish, sent him out to subordinate duty in another. This is one of several stories, all tending to show that Archbishop O'Connor has great continuity of purpose.

THE Canadians go to the front with the Black Watch and the Seaforth's. Now that these regiments have been connected it is unlikely that they will be separated. The Canadians have an opportunity to win glory in South Africa with two of the historical regiments of the Empire. Unless the war falls down and peace is made, our boys will see some fighting. We must recognize the fact that they have been put in with men who know their business, and that the pace set will be swift. It may not be that they will be in the charges and great things that the two old regiments will do, for the Canadians' share may be to hold the fort, but in such company the most glorious things of the campaign are possible for them, and as they did not go out for safety, but to show that they were "soldiers of the Queen," we must bear with equanimity news of battle in which some of our own fellows fall.

IT would be a great pity if the Athletic Club passed out of the hands of those who made it one of the best things on the continent. It is a good property and well worth buying in so as to protect those who accepted a mortgage from loss. This splendid institution should not be let fall into desuetude. If the Athenaeum Club, which is not too strong, would sell its premises on Church street it might, with public assistance, rescue the Athletic Club from its difficulties and at the same time prevent itself from becoming obsolete. There are many men in Toronto who could well afford to buy the Athletic Club and present it to the city. The use of money has not apparently dawned upon those who have made the greatest financial success in Toronto, but it may be that in this crisis some man will rise and provide the money. Those who do something for the boys must always be regarded as the friends not only of their own generation, but of that which follows them. If men who have done much for churches were to change their tactics and do something for the youth of the town, surely they would not be forgotten either by the people or the Providence that rules that the making of the boy is the making of the man. In Montreal it is the fashion for rich men to endow universities and take care of the youth; in Toronto it is the fashion to either give to some distinct charity or to become a prince of a church by the making of large donations.

First of all we have to make the young man act and feel like a gentleman, and to give him a good physical training. Why should not those who are always willing to donate large amounts to church projects do something towards making good physical specimens of the Canadian youth by being generous to athletic as well as theological institutions?

A DESPATCH from New Haven, Conn., to the *Mail and Empire* of Monday, states that Capt. A. S. Howard, who handled the gatling guns in the second Riel Rebellion in the Canadian North-West, has been secured by the British military authorities to go to South Africa. Capt. Howard is spoken of as a resident of New Haven, although it is admitted

## The Education of Mr. Pipp by C. D. Gibson

The new Gibson Book for 1899. The completed series of the Pipp Drawings, showing Mr. Gibson's sense of beauty and his sense of humor at their very best. The book is uniform with its predecessors. "Drawings by C. D. Gibson," "Pictures of People" and "Sketches and Cartoons;" but it is unique in that it contains a large number of unpublished drawings, forty new sketches having been made especially for the book.

Large Folio, 12 x 18 inches, bound in Japan vellum with white vellum back. The cover decorated with a drawing of Miss Pipp holding the portrait of her father. Each volume enclosed in a box with a pictorial cover design. Price \$5.00.

### Drawings by Chas. Howard Johnston

Selected art centers from *Truth*. All the plates are richly printed in colors on heavy paper, and handsomely bound in original styles; large oblong folio, attractive covers, size 21 x 14 inches, enclosed in ornamental box. Price \$5.00.

### Drawings by W. Granville Smith

Selected art centers from *Truth*. All the plates are richly printed in colors on heavy paper, and handsomely bound in original styles; large oblong folio, attractive covers, size 21 x 14 inches, enclosed in ornamental box. Price \$5.00.

### Drawings by Thulstrup

Selected art centers from *Truth*. All the plates are richly printed in colors on heavy paper, and handsomely bound in original styles; large oblong folio, attractive covers, size 21 x 14 inches, enclosed in ornamental box. Price \$5.00.

### A Coon Alphabet, by E. W. Kemble

A new Coon Book consisting of fifty-four exceptionally comical drawings in black and white, illustrating the letters of the alphabet, together with humorous rhymes, by the well-known delineator of negro character. One of the most amusing books ever published. 7 x 9 inches. Cover in color. Price \$1.00.

### Comical Coons

A new book of thirty full page humorous pen and ink drawings by E. W. Kemble, consisting of comical scenes and situations from darkey life, reproduced in large size. Decorated board cover, buckram back, 9 1/2 x 12 inches. Price \$1.25.

## AT WILSON'S

### The Marlowe Book

A handsome souvenir of Miss Julia Marlowe, containing over twenty half-tone reproductions of photographs taken of Miss Marlowe in nearly as many different plays. Many of the pictures were made especially for the book and will not appear elsewhere, and Mr. C. Allan Gilbert has made a charming drawing of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. The cover is printed in colors, and was designed by Mr. Ernest Haskell. Size 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, 16 pages. Printed on heavy wood cut paper with Japan covers. Price 25 cents.

### Olga Nethersole, a Pictorial Souvenir

A collection of pictures representing Miss Nethersole in some of her most notable impersonations, together with admirable drawings by C. Allan Gilbert. A handsome souvenir containing scenes from *Carman*, *The Termagant*, *Camille*, *Denise* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Also a crayon sketch of Miss Nethersole. Beautifully printed on heavy plated paper, attractively bound, with unique cover in color. Size 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches. Price 25 cents.

### Maude Adams in The Little Minister

A charming series of fourteen drawings by C. Allan Gilbert, of the best scenes from the play, beautifully reproduced on large-sized heavy plate paper, together with a most attractive engraved portrait of Miss Adams. Attractively bound in heavy linen paper covers in color. Size 10 x 12 1/2 inches. Price 25 cents.

### Cissy Loftus, a Pictorial Souvenir

A collection of pictures representing Miss Loftus in some of her most notable impersonations, together with admirable drawings by C. Allan Gilbert. Price 25 cents.



### Develop and Beautify Yourself

by using in your home the only means adapted to men, women and children for the production of a symmetrical form, development of perfect natural grace of movement and poise, and a clear, transparent complexion which denote the health and vigor produced by

Light Exercise Taken Regularly. For this purpose

### The Whitely Exerciser

has the highest endorsement from physicians and prominent public men and women everywhere. Send for our free pamphlet. Exclusive Ladies' Chart of movements, very instructive, by mail 5 cents. Wood pulley machine \$2.00. Standard cone-bearing, nickel-plated, \$3.00. Extra strong machine \$4.00. Holistic machine, elegant design, \$5.00.

**HAROLD A. WILSON CO., Limited**  
35 King Street West, Toronto

that he has spent twenty years of his life in Canada. The *Mail's* despatch says: "Capt. Howard is about 65 years of age, and disliked to undertake the mission in South Africa, but the inducements held out by the British Government are understood to have been very attractive."

This despatch is not in harmony with previous despatches concerning Capt. Howard. Here we have the story of a reluctant New Haven Captain being coaxed by "attractive inducements" to save an Empire, while a few weeks ago our daily newspapers published despatches describing the splendid rush made by Capt. Howard from the north of Canada in his eagerness to join the Canadian Contingent, only to arrive at Quebec the day after the Sardinian had sailed. The disappointment of the galling gun man was described as keen. He was not then described as a citizen of New Haven, but as occupied, along with one of his sons, somewhere in the north country of Canada. The fact probably is that he used his influence with the Canadian Government to be sent to South Africa in some capacity. He is a capable officer, but the British Empire is not crying to New Haven for help.

### A Burglar-Proof House.

WILLIAM W. JENKINS, burglar, had his eye on old Mr. Spenlow's house, which bore all the appearance of solid, unostentatious wealth. It was all brown stone and red brick; low brown stone fence and neat hedges, brown stone steps, nothing shoddy or cheap, nothing showy. Leaving the usual confederate outside he pried open the kitchen window, walked stealthily up the stairs, and came unexpectedly upon a room smelling of tobacco and filled with books. A white headed gentleman, reading by a log fire, gave a little start, and asked the burglar what he wanted. William covered him with a pistol.

"I wish you wouldn't point that at me," said the old man. "I am not used to firearms." "Don't want none of your nonsense," growled the burglar. "I do not know that he actually growled or whether his voice was pitched high, but the word growled is used out of respect to the conventionalities. 'Put up your hands and show me where the stuff is.'"

"I will willingly show you all my stuff, but there is really no necessity for me to put up my hands. I have no weapons of any kind." William felt that he had forfeited the respect of the profession when he believed the old gentleman and lowered his weapon.

"Won't you take off your mask and sit down? I have some fine fifteen year-old whisk—"

"Say, don't you go for to guy me. This ain't no tea party. I mean business." "Ah, that's the way of the world," sighed Mr. Spenlow. "Business, rush, hurry, noise, trolleys, sensational papers. No leisure for friendly conversation, for reflection, for communion with the mighty dead. Now, my motto is old books to read, old wood to burn, old friends to talk with, old whisk— Well, I see you are getting impatient. If you want to see the stuff, shall we begin with this room? Any of these books that you have been longing to read?"

"Blank—blank you!" said William. "I don't want to read books, and I ain't going to cart a ton of books around to a dealer and get enough to pay cartage. Where's your plate, your watches, your jewelry, your money?"

The old man looked a little abashed. "I really have no jewelry worth speaking of. My watch is a dollar Waterbury, which takes an hour to wind. I have no rings. My cuff and collar buttons are of little value. My spoons are only plated; I will show you the money. The only valuable portable thing I have is that fifteen year-old whisk—"

"Money! money!" yelled the burglar impatiently, raising his pistol again. "You give me all the money in the house and be quick about it."

Mr. Spenlow carefully drew out of his pocket and laid on the table a dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece, a quarter, a ten-cent piece, a five-cent piece and two copper cents.

"The last of the quarter's allowance" he remarked sadly,



What people did not see in the papers next day.

"and two weeks to come yet. Usually I manage to live just within my income, but there is a new bookstore opened—"

"Oh blank you and your books and bookstores. Don't tell me there ain't no more money in this house with all them fine pictures, and carpets, and furniture—"

"True, my man, but I can't have these things and keep the money, too. I spend all my income on comforts of this kind. If you would wait a few years I might try to save—"

At this point a man came in bearing a glass with a reasonable drink of the much-talked-of fifteen-year-old, the old gentleman's usual nightcap. Of course William covered him.

"Don't shoot poor old John," said the proprietor. "He has no money either; in fact, I am afraid I owe him some wages. John, bring a drink for this gentleman."

William at last acknowledged defeat.

"I ain't going to wait no longer," he grumbled in the ungrammatical manner which is one of the drawbacks of the profession. "My pal's outside and he'll be frozen."

"Bring him in, bring him in," cried the host heartily. And William, seeing the game was up, and hankering for the drink, actually did. The confederate, however, was suspicious, and insisted on accompanying John while he went for the drinks, lest he should give the alarm. Mr. Spenlow looked grieved at this lack of confidence, but readily assented. The entire party, high and low, respectable and criminal, talked together. The burglars proved to be far from interesting, their whole lives having been given up to the pursuit of things which have no

real value. No episode in their careers was so surprising as their meeting with a man who had everything that his heart desired and nothing that a burglar could steal. Burglar No. 2 wanted to carry away the bottle, but No. 1 was sufficiently influenced by the geniality generated by the old gentleman and the fifteen-year-old, to prevent this act of spoliation.

JOHN LEWIS.

### The First Canadian Killed in the War.

THE first Canadian slain in the present Transvaal War—so far as known—was Lieutenant Charles Carroll Wood, of the Royal Lancashire Regiment, who was killed in a skirmish near Belmont, Nov. 10th. Lieut. Wood was a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, aged 24 years, a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia. His father is Col. J. Taylor Wood, who fought for the South in the Civil War in the United States, and at the conclusion of hostilities took up residence at Halifax. Lieut. Wood was a grand-nephew of Jefferson Davis, and a great-grandson of President Zachary Taylor of the United States.

A belated telegram from South Africa arrived the other day, saying that there is a pathetic story connected with Lieut. Wood's death. The message says: "In August last he was



Charles Carroll Wood.

showing his young sister the mechanism of a new gun when he accidentally touched the trigger and shot her dead. On leaving for the front, Lieut. Wood expressed a desire that he should be killed in action."

It is now quite clear that the Canadians will see some fighting. It was reported that the Colonial troops were only called for in order to make a demonstration illustrating the size of the Empire, and in order to bring about a sounder compact between the various component parts of the Empire. From this it was argued that the Colonial troops would not be required to do more than play a part in a world-spectacle. For instance, a despatch from London stated some time ago that the Canadians would be drilled for a month at Cape Town. This has not been done, so we may conclude that this was not intended or that the Canadians were found to be in no special need of further drill. At all events, the Canadians were not on land a day before arrangements were under way for sending them forward with Australian and British troops to protect the rear of Lord Methuen's column.

A special cable to the *Montreal Star* from London says that Gen. Buller, before leaving England, expressed his intentions regarding the Colonial troops as follows: "I mean to put these Colonial boys right in front. We will then see who will win." There were 150 Australian Lancers with Lord Methuen at Modder River, and although none of them are included in the casualties so far reported, one of them has been mentioned in the despatches for distinguished bravery, Capt. Selpein, who, with Col. Codrington of the Coldstreams and a dozen men, swam the river in the face of a scathing fire.

The Canadian war correspondents have not yet begun to send in reports, although two of them have been heard from. Charles Lewis Shaw, who left two weeks earlier than the Canadian Contingent, was present at the battle of Belmont, and the correspondent of the *Daily News* in London cabled to that paper Mr. Shaw's report of the British charge up the hill. Mr. Shaw represents a syndicate, including the *Toronto Telegram* and other papers. Frederick Hamilton, the *Globe* correspondent, on landing with the Contingent at Cape Town, cabled his paper that all were well, except Pte. Deslauriers of Ottawa, who died on the third day at sea, and Pte. Martin, also of Ottawa, who broke his ankle.

### The School of Science Banquet.

A LOT of young men gathered from all corners of the country, storing their minds with exact practical knowledge to fit them for expert work in the developing of Canada, yet not saddened by what they have to learn nor grown heavy with what they know—these were the students of the School of Practical Science who held their annual banquet at the Temple Cafe on Friday night last. It was, in every way, a most enjoyable banquet. Principal Galbraith, other members of the faculty and many guests sat at the head table, and beamed on the tables where one hundred and fifty students sat. The noticeable thing was the excellent "family feeling," if I may so express it, which pervaded the whole affair. The students declared themselves occasionally in college yells, but always with proper deference to the rights of the speakers, not one of whom was interrupted or met with anything but cordiality. Perhaps this does not fully express what I mean—students seldom are discourteous to any speaker at any dinner—but in this case they were attentive and cordial to a noticeable extent.

Perhaps, without injustice to the other speakers, who all spoke well and after the manner of practical men said much in an unpretentious way, it would not be unfair to say that Prof. Hutton, who represented Toronto University, proved himself an excellent after-dinner speaker. There were several good speeches, but that of Prof. Hutton was particularly graceful and humorous. That he is not often heard at public banquets must be due to the fact that he declines many invitations.

President Thomas Shanks occupied the chair and he proposed the toast of "The Queen." This was replied to with hearty cheering. "Canada and the Empire" was proposed by E. V. Neelands and replied to by Dr. Coleman and L. B. Stewart; "Legislature," proposed by C. H. C. Wright, responded to by Mr. Miller and Mr. Southworth; "University of Toronto," proposed by Mr. Allan, responded to by Prof. Hutton; "Faculty," proposed by Mr. Hare, responded to by Prof. Galbraith and Dr. Ellis; "The Profession," proposed by J. A. Johnson, responded to by Wm. Chipman and Mr. A. F. Wickson; "Sister Institutions," proposed by F. W. Thorold, responded to by Mr. Byers of McGill College, Mr. Stevens of Queen's College, W. Gunn of the Toronto Dental College, and representatives of Toronto Literary Society, Toronto Medical College and athletic department; "Athletics," proposed by Mr. Revell, and responded to by T. Burnside and Mr. Jackson; "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Chubbick, responded to by Mr. Douglas; "Graduates and Graduating Class," proposed by Mr. Bertram, responded to by J. A. Duff and Mr. Roof; "The Freshmen," proposed by Mr. Higgsby, responded to by Mr. Erapey.

Interspersed with the speeches were vocal and instrumental selections by the students. An amusing incident of the dinner was the bringing on "at half time," of a huge jug—capable of holding eight or ten gallons of anything—labelled as being specially intended for the Faculty.

**WM. STITT & CO.**  
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers  
Gowns For all Functions  
Tailor-made Costumes  
A SPECIALTY.  
Millinery EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN HATS AND BONNETS  
Gloves 2-clasp Gloves in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25. 2-clasp Derby Walking Gloves. Undressed Kid Gloves in all the newest shades and tints. Evening Gloves.

Paris Kid Glove Store  
Tel. 888. 11 and 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

**GOWANS KENT & CO**  
**White China**  
FOR DECORATING  
We have a complete line from the best makers. Everything that is required is kept in stock. The only line of White China in Canada. Call and see the goods or write for illustrated catalogue.  
**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

**VARNISHED TILES . . .**  
WE never before had such a full range of tile and other varnished papers. They are French, English and American, and range from 35c. to 75c. per single roll. None but the best quality of each make.

**The Elliott & Son Co.**  
LIMITED  
40 King Street East Toronto

**DRESDEN FIGURES**  
We are showing a nice collection of very choice things in these fine ornamental pieces—rich and chaste, desirable cabinet bric-a-brac, and very suitable for Christmas gifts and presentation souvenirs—SPECIAL PRICES.  
**IRVING'S**  
CHINA HALL. 130 YONGE ST.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS**  
With their crispy freshness and gorgeous colors are most effective and serviceable for decorative purposes.  
Football Enthusiasts  
wear them in combination with college colors—typical of the sport.

**Dunlop's**  
assortment of these flowers is large and varied. Prices reasonable on all grades. Shipment in good condition guaranteed to any point.  
5 King West 445 Yonge Street

**BRASS GOODS**  
Hot Water Kettles  
Chafing Dishes  
New Designs in English TABLE GONGS DISH COVERS  
Just Received

**Rice Lewis & Son**  
LIMITED  
TORONTO

## Social and Personal.



**T**HIS year's conver-sione at Victoria College quite eclipsed its predecessors in arrangements and attendance, and was an exceedingly smart and enjoyable affair. Miss Mowat, attended by Captain Law, arrived early, and spent an hour with Mrs. Burwash receiving on a pretty canopied dais in the corridor on the first floor, eddabing placed between the doors of the chapel, where a fine concert took up the time until after ten o'clock. The decorations of Victoria in the college colors and many accessories of ferns, palms and flowers, were very grand, no expense having been spared by those two loyal and liberal women, Mrs. Treble and Mrs. Eaton, who took this labor of love for their friends into their own generous and willing hands. In sumptuous and beautiful gowns these ladies were conspicuous during the evening, moving among the guests and ably assisting the Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, the professors and their wives, to entertain everyone. Many handsome women and charming girls chatted merrily through the strolls which take the place of dancing in this institution each year. Prominent among these were: Mrs. Bull and her dark-eyed sister-in-law, Miss Bull, with a sister, Miss Brennan, a popular visitor from Hamilton; Mrs. Masson, the witty French woman, wife of M. Masson, in a pretty pink and black toilette; Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, who had a sweet young girl in charge; Mrs. Alfred Clark, (nee Boustead) who looked very well indeed; Mrs. G. W. Ross, and her daughter, Miss Nellie, bright and happy as usual; Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. McIntyre, of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, in a handsome gown of jet and lace; Dr. and Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with any number beside of reverend and professional men, their wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts. Mrs. Eaton was a picture in a silver grey satin brocade, her snowy hair turned back from her brow, a la Pompadour. Mrs. Treble wore electric blue silk, shaded with rose color and trimmed with Honiton lace. The music was furnished by a large and excellent orchestra led by D'Alessandro, and the refreshments were very nicely served by Webb. About six hundred guests were at this delightful event, and though the crowd at the rendezvous was a bit pressing, it dispersed during the promenades, and wandered at will through the beautiful halls and rooms. The College Glee Club, the College Mandolin and Guitar Club, Miss Carter on the violin, and Miss Berryman in recitations, with Mr. Carnahan in war songs, and Mr. Torrington's new soprano, Miss Eileen Millett, made up the concert programme. The 1899 conversat. committee were: Messrs. W. E. Gilroy, W. K. Allen, J. G. Davidson, A. R. Chapman, G. A. Ferguson, A. Henderson, C. B. Sessons, J. L. Stewart, J. R. Van Wyck, W. R. Archer, C. B. Hingham, R. G. Dingman, E. W. S. Coates, E. H. Joliffe, T. M. Buley, W. W. Wagg, and E. Lawson.

Mrs. A. J. Somerville will entertain at half-past four on Saturday next. The At Home will test the capacity of her beautiful new home—Atherly.

The Battleford Column Association have issued invitations to their friends for Sunday afternoon, December 10, at three o'clock, to witness the unveiling by His Excellency Lord Minto of the Memorial Tablet, erected in the Armories, to the memory of the heroes of the Battleford Column who were killed or wounded in 1885. Lord Minto comes pre-eminently as a soldier on this visit to Toronto, and it is worthy of remark that we don't often welcome a Governor-General who is equally a sportsman, a soldier and a social success. Lord Minto is all three.

Very many friends assembled at Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's pretty home in Dunbar road on Saturday on the invitation of Mrs. Harrison, with the great attraction of hearing Mr. Watkin Mills sing, as well as the enjoyment of meeting congenial Toronto musicians and lovers of the gentle art, as the inducements moving them to show up at this tea, no matter how many others they missed. And there were half a dozen others, large and small, on Saturday afternoon. The clever hostess, who is a musician of much culture as well as an authoress yearly achieving greater power and fame, received in the drawing-room, with Mr. Harrison beside her to join in her bright welcome. Mr. Watkin Mills, always heartily generous in his pleasure-giving, delighted the large company with four or five songs—late-comers got Kipling splendidly sung, The Ford at Cabul River and The Road to Mandalay being the selections. Music in the drawing-room, and lots of nice things to eat in the dining-room, where was a sweetly pretty table done with white hyacinths and green, and presided over by a party of charming girls, divided the time to everyone's satisfaction. And it was



## From the New Store

**Y**OU will hardly need reminding that holiday trade is on. Our best efforts have been devoted to collecting the finest, latest specimens from all Men's Furnishings. Only the best English makers represented in our stock. We keep fine and exclusive goods.

SILK UMBRELLAS, from . . . \$2.50 to \$8.00  
SILK MUFFLERS, from . . . 1.00 to 3.50  
DENT'S SILK AND FUR-LINED GLOVES 1.25 to 3.00

Our new illustrated catalogue sent on application.

Letter orders carefully attended to.

**Jeffery & Purvis**  
91 KING WEST

quite late when the guest of honor and all his pleased hearers said good-by, not until Mr. Watkins Mills had a profusely hospitable record of dinner, tea and supper engagements on his cuff for Sunday keeping. By the way, a song which pleased all the Irish hearers at Friday's concert was The Banshee, with a most realistic wall, quite worthy of a banshee in a most aristocratic family. Though a Gloucester man, Mr. Watkins Mills makes a banshee wall equal to Ireland's oldest tradition.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews received at their lovely home in Rosedale last Saturday, and those who had thought it an ideal place for a summer tea last season found it equally charming on this occasion. "A dream," "A perfect residence," said the guests, as they roamed through Whispers while this tea was in progress. Whispers, by the way, owes its name to the imaginative young son of the house, Master Gordon, who listened to the wind talking through the great old Rosedale trees, many of which surround the charming home, and evolved Whispers therefrom. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews received in the first of the beautiful rooms, which reveal each in turn a new attraction. The ideal billiard-room, where the silver-haired mother of the hostess held her court; the pretty dining-room, the cosy little nooks, and the artistic hall and stairway have been planned by a master hand and are perfect in every part. Somewhere was an orchestra, playing soft, sweet music; everywhere the duet, and an occasional chorus of men and women's talk and pleasant laughter and merriment. A few of the guests were: Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. Edward Fisher and Miss Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Miss O'Hara, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Macklem, Rev. Ernest Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, Mrs. A. Burritt and Miss Phemie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. and Miss Florrie Patterson, Miss Lamport, Mrs. Charles Fuller, Mrs. Newman, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Northcote of England, Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Dave Harman, Mr. and Mrs. George Blakie, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Strath, Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Messrs. Dalnry, Marsland, Dudemain, Wedd and Morris. A number of Webb's men served an elegant buffet, where Mrs. McLean, sister of the hostess, was in charge, and a huge bowl of "cup" was set in another of the beautiful rooms. The buffet was done with pink roses, arranged in a tall crystal vase.

Mr. and Mrs. Piper are at 501 1/2 Shebourne street, and Mr. Piper receives on Mondays. Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and their family have returned from Niagara Falls, and taken a house, 613 Church street, where Mrs. Thompson and Miss Amy Seton Thompson receive on the first and second Mondays. Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge gave an informal musical on Friday evening, at which Mr. Dudemain, who is a late acquisition to Toronto social and artistic circles, played very beautifully. I hear that the marriage of Mr. George Brooke and Mrs. Hetherington (nee Fitch) will take place before the New Year. Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House gives a tea next Monday afternoon. To-day Mrs. Sigmund Samuel of 21 Madison avenue will give an afternoon tea. Mrs. Samuel was one of last year's brides, a very beautiful London girl, and a considerable heiress.

Miss Katherine Sherar's girls' heads, which were so much admired at Matthews', are to be excelled by an exhibition of her New Women shortly. I hear the new women are simply immense.

Mr. Alec Creelman was greeted by many friends on his short stay over Sunday in town.

Mrs. Jos. W. Pearen of Brampton is visiting in the city, and is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. (Dr.) R. H. Henderson, 245 Carlton street.

Mrs. Hunt, wife of ex-Alderman E. N. Hunt of London, after spending a few weeks with friends in Listowel, Collingwood and Toronto, returned home this week.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro is visiting in town.

A very pleasant dinner was given to Sir William Van Horne at the Toronto Hunt Club last Saturday evening, at which the Master presided, and where beautiful and clever women were an added attraction; in fact, the dinner was of their planning I am informed. Sir William was, as ever, the genial cultured man of note, who is so much liked by all who know him, always ready to talk, and talk well, on any subject of interest nowadays. Art, literature, travel, business, social affairs—the big mind of the Railroad Emperor can handle them all ably. The guests at Saturday's dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Dr. and Miss Macdonald.

Mrs. FitzGibbon spent the early summer in a visit to the great North-West, being interested and fascinated by the land of magnificent distances, and particularly by its newest inhabitants, the peace-loving Doukhobors, of whose emigration we heard so much last season. To hear Mrs. FitzGibbon describe the noble women who are to "make the country" out there is a treat everyone cannot enjoy, but everyone can read her clever letters which are being published in pamphlet form by the Briggs Company this week. The expenses of publication covered, all of the money from the sale of this pamphlet goes as a Christmas box to provide many needed things for Mrs. FitzGibbon's proteges.

Mr. Watkin Mills was entertained at dinner on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Alley, at their home in Earl street.

Mrs. D. E. Thomson gave a large and elegant tea for the coming-out of her daughter, Miss Ethel, on Friday afternoon, at her residence in the Queen's Park. Mrs. Thomson received in a very handsome heliotrope silk gown, and the debutante, in white mousseline, stood beside her mother and was presented to the ladies who by scores attended the tea. Miss Thomson was in the tea-room, where the lovely table of shining mahogany was set only with a centerpiece of lace and embroidery, on which a huge vase of white roses rested, and some silver bonbonnières and cake-plates. Everyone remarked on the extreme daintiness of the refreshments. The young ladies assisting were: Misses Phillips, Helen Harris, Florence Lamport, Florence Davis, Kathleen Burke and Mamie Millicamp. An orchestra was stationed in the hall and played during the tea.

Miss Butler, who has been visiting Mrs. Perrin, returned home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. George Evans are congratulated upon the arrival of a young son and heir. The most charmingly picturesque studio imaginable is Mr. Dickson Patterson's, where on Thursday evening quite a galaxy of beauty, young girls just out, were assembled, with a proper complement of men for a dance as unique as it was delightful.

The death of Miss Robertson, devoted daughter of Judge and Mrs. Robertson, shocked many friends of the sweet lady, who has suffered for some time, and underwent an operation at the General Hospital, from the strain of which she was unable to rally. Miss Robertson's high-bred face and finished manner singled her out as a woman of rare natural gifts and culture, while her loving attendance upon her invalid mother endeared her yet more to appreciative friends. Miss Robertson was a graceful horsewoman, and frequently followed the hounds.

## Though We Repent.

Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—  
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care  
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,  
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack—  
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—  
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—  
Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair!  
Louise Chandler Moulton.

CHRISTMAS BEAUTY  
At RYRIE BROS.

"DIAMOND HALL" seeks world-wide for beauty.

To England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and the best jewelry centers of our own Continent we go, seeking for newness and oddity.

Where else can you see so much Christmas beauty?

No wonder there is best choosing here.

But choose now—our stock was never finer. We will put aside and deliver, as ordered, any gift you admire.

No. 2986 Fine Pearl Brooch, Pendant or Chatelaine, \$25.  
No. 2993 Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch, \$40.00.  
No. 2977 Fine Pearl Brooch or Pendant, \$12.75.  
No. 2470 Fine Pearl Brooch or Pendant, Diamond center, \$35.00.  
No. 2989 Fine Pearl Brooch or Pendant with Diamond center, \$35.  
No. 893 Three Fine Diamonds, \$50.00.  
No. 468 Fine Diamond, our special, at \$25.00.  
No. 579 Fine Oriental Pearls, \$20.00.  
No. 380 Same, all Turquoises, \$14.00.  
No. 472 Three Fine Diamonds, \$40.  
No. 473 Same, with two Diamonds and Ruby, \$40.00.  
No. 474 Same, with two Diamonds and Sapphire, \$35.00.  
No. 439 Two Fine Diamonds, \$40.00.  
No. 440 Same, Diamond and Emerald, \$40.00.  
No. 441 Same, Sapphire and Diamond, \$35.00.  
No. 3015 Buckle Ring 14k, with Diamond, \$5.00.  
No. 288 Fine Diamond and Turquoise Pin, \$24.00.  
No. 289 Same, with Opal Center, \$24.00.  
No. 290 Same, with Pearl Center, \$25.00.  
No. 2225 Fine Pearl and Diamond Pin, \$11.00.  
No. 3045 Solid Gold, with Opal, \$2.25.  
No. 2679 Solid Gold Brooch, with Pearl, \$2.75.  
No. 407 Solid Gold, may be used as Chatelaine, with bar of Pearls, \$5.00.  
No. 2972 Fine Pearl Brooch, \$6.0.  
No. 2388 Fine Pearl Brooch, \$5.00.  
No. 2638-14k., \$15.00.  
No. 2639-10k., \$12.50.  
No. 2640-Gold Filled, \$5.00.  
No. 2724-14k. Men's Albert, \$20.00.  
No. 2730-Gold Filled, \$3.50.  
No. 2729-10k. Men's Albert, \$15.00.  
No. 2731-Silver, \$2.00.  
No. 995-Silver Thimble, 25c.  
No. 371 Fine Gold Thimble, \$4.00.  
No. 1295 Match Box, Sterling Silver \$1.00.  
No. 1223 Shaving Brush, Sterling Silver, \$1.00.  
No. 1917 Biscuit Jar, 5 1/2 inches high, Decorated China, Fine Silver Plated Mountings, \$2.50.  
No. 1763 Oak Paper Mill, 3 1/2 inches high \$2.25.  
No. 1939-Set of fine Steel Carvers, Buckhorn Handles, \$4.50.  
No. 2168 Cream Pitcher, 2 1/2 inches in diameter, Sterling Silver, \$5.50.  
No. 2169 Sugar Bowl, 2 1/2 inches in diameter, Sterling Silver, \$5.50.  
No. 945 Cut Glass and Sterling Silver Box, 75c.  
No. 2127 Perfume Bottle, Sterling Silver and Cut Glass, \$3.50.  
No. 3111 Salt Bottle, Sterling Silver and Cut Glass, \$2.00.

Gift-buyers should bear in mind the broadness of Ryrie Bros.' guarantee—that whether your purchase is our most expensive diamond ornament or simplest trinket, we promise you thorough satisfaction, and if a single article in any way differs from what you expect, we will take it back and willingly return your money.

**RYRIE BROS.**  
Jewelers and Silversmiths  
CORNER YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS, TORONTO

LIMITED  
97 YONGE STREET



**FOR JUDGES AND EXHIBITORS**  
Return tickets will be issued at **Single First-class Fare for Round Trip** on December 7th to 15th inclusive, on surrender of Certificate signed by Mr. F. W. Hodson. Valid to return on or before 19th December, 1899.  
Tickets and all information from Agents Grand Trunk Railway System.  
**M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent.**

# Books for Presents TO PEOPLE OF TASTE

## THE HOLIDAY BOOK OF THE SEASON IS Christmas in French Canada

By LOUIS FRECHETTE, LL.D., C.M.G.

With Two Photogravures and Upwards of Thirty Half tones

By FRED. SIMPSON COBURN

who illustrated "The Habitant" by Dr. Drummond.

CROWN, 8VO. PRICE \$2.00

Charles Scribner Sons, who published this book in the United States, exhausted their first edition on the day of publication, and wired the Canadian publishers to prepare a second immediately.

## Other Noted Illustrated Books:

### Silas Marner. By GEORGE ELIOT.

It has been the opinion of good judges that the gifted authoress of "Adam Bede" and "Daniel Deronda" reached the zenith of her perfection in the beautiful creation "Silas Marner." In this edition the book-lover with a taste for fine editions will find a book to please him. Crown, 8vo, Cloth, with 60 illustrations by Reginald Birch, \$2.00.

### My Study Fire. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

Illustrated edition, with drawings by Maude and Genevieve Cowles. Crown, 8vo, Cloth, \$2.00.

### In the Forest of Arden. By HAMILTON W. MABIE.

This is a beautiful piece of idealism, and is presented to the public in a dress in all respects worthy of its literary beauty. Large Crown, 8vo, Cloth and gold, gilt top, decorated by Will H. Low, Edition de Luxe, \$2.25.

### Rip Van Winkle.

The text of the play, by the famous American actor, Joseph Jefferson. Illustrated with a new portrait of Mr. Jefferson, and with drawings from scenes in the play by Richard Creifelds, and five illustrations from designs by Joseph Jefferson. A new edition. Crown, 8vo, Cloth, \$2.50.

### The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.

By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

This is the longest and best single story Mr. Thompson has written, and it will be eagerly awaited by all who read the author's "Wild Animals I Have Known." It is a distinct addition to the literature of the chase. Crown, 8vo, with 7 full-page illustrations (one in color), and numerous marginal illustrations from drawings by the author. \$1.50.

### Wild Animals I Have Known. By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

This book is crammed with new facts, gathered by a keen and original observer in the field of animal psychology during twenty-five years. Crown, square 8vo., with gilt top, beautifully illustrated by the author. Price \$2.00.

### Fife and Drum at Louisbourg. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

This is a stirring boys' book; it describes the adventures of two old-time boys who accompanied the Boston expedition against Louisbourg. Crown, 8vo, Cloth, \$1.50.

### The Life of Nelson: The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain. By CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, D.C.L., LL.D., of the United States Navy, author of "The Influence of the Sea Power Upon History," etc. Second edition revised.

Large Crown 8vo., Cloth, with portraits, illustrations and numerous maps and battle-plans, \$3.

### The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll.

(Rev. C. L. Dodgson), author of "Alice in Wonderland," etc. By S. D. COLLINGWOOD, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford.

Crown, 8vo, with upwards of 100 illustrations, Cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

### Shakespeare: the Man By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

This is a most interesting work on the indications of Shakespeare's personal character, sentiments and intellectual equipments, which may be conjecturally gathered from passages in his plays. It takes entirely different ground from that of critiques of Shakespeare's art, such as those by Coleridge, Germain, Dowden and Hiram Cerson. Crown, 8vo, Cloth, 75 cents.

### Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais.

President of the Royal Academy. By his son, JOHN G. MILLAIS.

With 9 photogravures and over 300 half-tones, 2 vols. Price \$9.00. "No more delightful memorial of any painter has of recent years been written, no happier portrait drawn, than is to be found in the beautiful book which Mr. John G. Millais devotes to the memory of his father."—London Graphic.

ASK TO SEE THE ART LEAGUE CALENDAR

## Nineteen Hundred

A Canadian Calendar for the Year, with notes and pictured things suggesting the impress of the Century on the Land and Its People.

For sale at all booksellers, or sent on receipt of price by the Publishers.

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO'Y, Limited

PUBLISHERS

90 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

## Books for The Holidays.

THE book of the season is without doubt Christmas in French Canada, by Louis Frechette. This charming collection of stories brings before us the old legends and the picturesque types of French-Canadian life, whose idioms, habits and superstitions are rapidly disappearing. The book is eminently our own, written by a Canadian, illustrated by a Canadian, and published in Canada, and we may be proud that home book-making has made such a stride forward. The stories possess a charm and originality that will soon make the book a favorite. The illustrations, consisting of two photogravures and over thirty half-tone pictures, are fine, and the paper, typography and binding are all that could be asked for. The fact that Morang & Co. have an order from the well known firm of Charles Scribner & Sons for a special edition for the United States, which edition has already run out, and a second one ordered, shows what it is possible to do on this side of the line. The price of Christmas in French Canada is \$2.00, and considering what a remarkably handsome gift book it is, there is no doubt of its finding a ready sale.

Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford, has just been published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.50. It easily ranks as one of the most important novels of the year. It is a story of the "American Revolution," and brings us into familiar acquaintance with General Washington and his officers of the rebel party, and also with General Howe, Lord Cornwallis and their king's men. The story covers the whole period of the conflict, and from first to last is alive with incident. The author shows a considerable facility in handling the perplexities of a plot that draws in so many persons and events of historical importance. There is a great difference between this story and that told by Winston Churchill in Richard Carvel, although both are stories of the revolution.



Janice Meredith.

and both are very interesting. The two stories appear to deal with a different age, people and war. This is partly accounted for by the fact that Churchill does not carry his hero through the war, but allows him to be kidnapped and taken to sea just as hostilities begin, so that he shares in little else than Paul Jones' sea fights, whereas Mr. Ford's characters move in and out through all the events of the war. This partly, I say, explains the difference between the two books, but it does not altogether do so, for Churchill's people seem to belong to a period at least one hundred years earlier than the people of Mr. Ford's book. Mr. Churchill's people belong to the early part of the eighteenth century, and Mr. Ford's to the early part of the nineteenth. There may have been some difference between the colonists of New Jersey and of Maryland, but not so much as this. The success of Richard Carvel has been most pronounced, and already the sales of Janice Meredith are phenomenal. It is probably the most important story of the American revolution yet written, depicting not only those qualities of the period that were noble and self-sacrificing, but those that were cowardly, time-serving and base. The book will, no doubt, have a tremendous sale.

It was a humorous idea that occurred to Frank R. Stockton when he began his new book just issued in Canada by W. J. Gage, The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. The story opens on a French steamer between Havre and New York, and Mr. Randolph falls in with a pleasant elderly gentleman, named Crowder, who finally discloses the fact that he is the Vizier to the Two-Horned Alexander—that is to say, he was Vizier to that great ruler who lived in the time of Abraham. There was a spring in those days that would impart earthly immortality to the fortunate man who found it and drank from it, after which it would dry up. The Vizier, by chance, was the lucky man. Mr. Crowder proved to be a charming conversationalist, and, as the reader may infer, had a great fund of reminiscence and anecdote. He talked familiarly of such personal acquaintances as Abraham, Charles Lamb, Samson, Napoleon, Petrarch, Joshua, Nebuchadnezzar, and many equally interesting people whose names are not familiar to those now living. Once Mr. Crowder is properly introduced to the reader, he finishes the book with reminiscences told to his "present" wife and Mr. Randolph. He met King Solomon and was, on the whole, favorably impressed. He says:

"A look back on the vast panorama of my life, I most pleasantly recall my various intimacies with learned men, and my own studies and researches; but in the great company of men of knowledge whom I have known, there was not one in whom I was so much interested as in King Solomon. I visited his court because I greatly wished to know a man who knew so much. I was able to tell him a great deal which he did not know, and he became fond of my society. I found Solomon a very well-informed man. He had not read and studied books as much as I had, and

he had not had my advantages of intercourse with learned men; but he was a most earnest and indefatigable student of nature. Those who have read Wild Animals That I Have Known (and who has not?) will be glad to know that another of Ernest Seton Thompson's stories can be had. The Trail of the Sandhill Stag is the longest and best single story that Mr. Thompson has written, and is a distinct addition to the literature of the chase. A beautiful edition has been issued by Geo. N. Morang & Co. Price \$2.25.

The Christmas Number of *Acta Victoriana* is an astonishingly fine one, and contains the work of many of the best writers in Canada, including Sir John Bourinot, Rev. Prof. Clark, W. Sanford Evans, Prof. Adam Shortt, W. A. Fraser, Prof. James Mavor, Duncan Campbell Scott, W. Wilfrid Campbell, Goldwin Smith, "Kit," Bernard McEvoy, Helen Merrill, Prof. Horning and many others. It is as large as any magazine, contains much more matter, and much of it of surprising merit. This excellent number sells at the bookstores at 25c.

Natural History With Anecdote, by A. H. Miles, profusely illustrated with colored plates, is a brightly written book and sure to win its way, while Stalky & Co. by Rudyard Kipling, and With Fife and Drum at Louisbourg by J. Macdonald Oxley, will be warmly welcomed by the boys. The last named has a Canadian theme and is a stirring story of the Boston expedition against Louisbourg.

The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., by his son, John G. Millais, is a great addition to works on art. The London Graphic says:

"No more delightful memorial of any painter has of recent years been written, no happier portrait drawn, than is to be found in the beautiful book which John G. Millais devotes to the memory of his father."

Suspense, a story by H. S. Merriman, has just been published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto (cloth \$1.25, paper 75c.). As one critic has said:

"There is a rare strength about Mr. Merriman's men and women which is very difficult to put into words. The personality of each seems to impress itself upon the reader without his knowing exactly why it does so. We would emphasize that word personality in speaking of them, for it is the personal rather than the intellectual or physical element in them that influences us and makes them so different from the creations of many other authors."

It is stated that Prince Krapotkin, the anarchist, who has visited Toronto and is well known here, will hereafter make his home in the United States. His autobiography, entitled *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, will soon be published.

Those of our patriotic Canadians who are lovers of verse and are looking for a suitable holiday present to send to friends at home or abroad, should welcome the latest volume of verse by the Canadian poet, Mr. W. Wilfrid Campbell, entitled *Beyond the Hills of Dream*. The book, which is bulky in matter as well as beautiful in get-up, contains all the latest and best work of the poet gathered from magazines and hitherto unpublished verse, with a selection from his earlier volumes. The first edition is issued this week from the Riverside Press by the noted publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, Mass. The publishers, in introducing the volume to the public, speak as follows:

"It is altogether within bounds to claim for the book a genuine popularity among those who can appreciate its sterling qualities of variety, thoughtfulness, high and serious purpose, wide range of fancy, and distinct power of lyrical expression."

The holiday editions of *In the Forest of Arden*, by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and of *Rip Van Winkle*, as played by Joseph Jefferson, will please those who are in search of something very choice. These books are greatly in demand as gifts for Christmas.

Nineteen Hundred, the calendar of the Toronto Art League for the year 1900, is not one bit behind its predecessors in artistic conception and execution. It presents the work of a number of Canadian artists who have taken high positions in the illustrating world. The theme of the publication is the industrial, commercial and social progress of Canada during the past one hundred years, and it is very interesting to study the impress of the century on the land and its people. This calendar is very suitable to send to friends at a distance. One point which should be particularly noticed is the arrangement of Canadian wild flowers for the various months. The title page is remarkably pleasing.

Shakespeare: the Man, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., is a most interesting work on the indications of Shakespeare's personal character, sentiments and intellectual equipments, which may be conjecturally gathered from passages in his plays. Cloth, 75 cents. Published by Geo. N. Morang & Co.

Only a writer on such good terms with society as Ko-Ko is, could have written so wisely and merrily of its typical members. Ko-Ko's identity was probably decided in the minds of many readers before they finished Society Types, this month published by G. N. Morang & Co. The *nom de plume* of Ko-Ko disguises but thinly the personality of Grace E. Denison, whose friends will be interested in the dainty volume of which she is the author, while that wider circle of readers who know her as Lady Gay will also welcome this pretty gift-book, which appears in time for the holiday season. Society Types are not individual, but composite pictures, faithfully and thoughtfully drawn by a hand unbiassed by cynicism or malice; and society does not seem devoid of much that is lovable, worthy and enjoyable as its foibles and peculiarities are pictured in Society Types. The illustrations are by Kyle, and a prettily designed cover gives the necessary smartness to the appearance of the book, which sells at seventy-five cents at the bookstores.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) is working on a new novel to be called *Robert Orange*.

## A Guide to the CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

SOME CHOICE BOOKS FOR PRESENTS

**SANTA CLAUS'S PARTNER.** By THOMAS NELSON PAGE, with illustrations in colors by W. Glackens. Cloth, \$1.50. "Mr. Page's Christmas story will appeal to the universal human heart. It tells how a child transformed the character of a successful business man, whose nature had become hard and selfish in the pursuit of wealth, and is told with all the charm of manner and tenderness of feeling of which the author of 'Marse Chan' is the master."

**A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.** By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Cloth, \$1.25.

"Mr. Tarkington has produced an extraordinarily strong and real novel of the 'Middle West.' As a 'first book' it augurs a speedy addition to the ranks of successful American novelists."

**No. 5 JOHN STREET.** By RICHARD WHITEING. Cloth, \$1.00.

"That book should sell like wildfire."—*A Toronto Clergyman*. "No. 5 John Street depicts with terrible reality the conditions of the poor in London."

**KI KENNEDY.** By S. R. CROCKETT. Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt Top, rough edge, \$1.50; Half Calf, \$2.50.

"One of Mr. Crockett's very best and wholesome books. It ought to sell in thousands."—*Douglas Staden, in Literary World*.

**DICTIONARY.** The Weaver's Heart's Dearest. By BLANCHIE WILLIS HOWARD. Cloth, \$1.25.

A novel in which the author of "One Summer," "Guen," etc., returns to her earliest and most sympathetic manner. The story centers in the daughter of a Swabian peasant family, at service in a German noble's household.

**CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN.** By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Profusely illustrated by A. B. Frost. Cloth, \$1.25. Mr. Harris has succeeded in creating a second original character as whimsically charming and individual as "Uncle Remus." Aunt Minervy Ann is an old-fashioned negro mammy of a sort now just dying out in the South. This is one of the best Christmas books.

**A DUSTY THREAD.** By ELLEN THORNEY-CROFT FOWLER, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Cloth, \$1.25; Cloth, Gilt Top, \$1.50; Half Calf, \$2.50. "Miss Fowler's best piece of literary work."—*Methodist Recorder*.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS OR SENT POSTAGE PAID BY

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-33 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

## RECENT CHOICE BOOKS

### DR. HILLIS' MASTERPIECE

Great Books as Life Teachers

Studies of character, Real and Ideal. 12mo., cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

**Right Living as a Fine Art**

A study of the Ideal Character based on Changing "Symphony of Life." 12mo., decorated boards, 50c.

**RALPH CONNOR,** Author of "Black Rock."

**THE SKY PILOT**

A Tale of the Foothills. 12mo., cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.

**FRIENDSHIP** by REV. HUGH BLACK, M.A., with marginal and other decorations by F. Berkeley Smith. Printed in two colors. 12mo., decorated cloth, gilt top, boxed, \$1.25. Also an edition in white binding at same price.

**THE NEW EVANGELISM**

And other addresses, edited by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

This is the last selection which will be made from the late Henry Drummond's m.s.s.

**SECOND EDITION**

**AFTERWARDS**

And other stories, by Ian MacLaren. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

**FIFTEENTH THOUSAND**

**FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY**

Also at Chicago and New York. 154 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Also at Chicago and New York. 154 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## THE UNITED KINGDOM

A Political History, from the earliest times to the Reformation of 1532. By Dr. Goldwin Smith. In two volumes.

"The boldly drawn pen-pictures of Kings and Statesmen, the calm analysis of great movements, the flashing of the searchlight of an intellect upon the life of the nation, with an occasional outburst of humor or of sarcasm, make it difficult to lay down the book until the last page is reached."—*The Globe*.

**A NOTABLE BOOK**

**THE GREAT COMPANY** The History of the Hudson's Bay Company. By Beekley Wilson. Illustrated by Arthur Henning. Handsomely bound in cloth, with numerous illustrations, \$3.00; leather, gilt edge, \$5.00.

"A work which is truly great."—*Canadian Magazine*. "One of the most fascinating histories ever written."—*Halifax Echo*.

**JANICE MEREDITH—**

A Romance of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford, author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc. Handsomely bound in cloth with delicately tinted miniature on cover, \$1.50.

Special holiday edition in two volumes, with 72 illustrations and 2 colored miniatures. Price, \$3.00.

**IONE MARCH** By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Red Axe." Illustrated, cloth \$1.50, paper, 75c.

A bright, crisp, up-to-date story of the modern American girl, which is simply charming."—*Mail and Empire*.

**VIA CRUCIS—**

A Romance of the Second Crusade. By Marion Crawford, author of "Ave Roma Immortalis," etc. With 12 illustrations, cloth \$1.50, paper, 75c.

For Sale at all Book Stores, or on receipt of price sent post-paid by

THE COPP, CLARK CO., LIMITED,

PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

## HOLIDAY BOOKS

Paris Salon, 1899 \$15 00

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson By Sidney Colvin. Two vol. 5.00

Great Pictures Described by Great Writers. By Esther Singleton 2.00

Turrets, Towers and Temples. By Esther Singleton. 2.00

A Child's Primer of Natural History. Illustrated by Hereford 1.25

Modern Daughters. By Alexander Black. 2.50

Red Rock. Illustrated; half calf, \$2.00, cloth 1.25

Court of Boyville. By William Allan White. Illustrated; cloth, decorated 1.25

Bob: The Story of Our Mocking Bird. By Sidney Lanier. With 16 full-page illustrations in color, from photographs by A. R. Dugmore. 1.50

Send for Catalogue of the latest publications.

THE PUBLISHERS' SYNDICATE, Limited, 51 YONGE STREET



## Christmas Gifts

Our stock of high-class Dry Goods affords excellent opportunities for the selection of suitable and serviceable Christmas Gifts.

### Dress Lengths

In Black and Colored Serges, Henriettes, Nattes, Poplins, Bengalines, Lustres, Brilliantines and Cloths, in lengths of 6 to 7 yards, from \$1.75 to \$5.00.

In Washable Percales, Gingham, Muslins, Prints and French Cambrics, in lengths of 8 to 12 yards, 75c. to \$3.00.

In Black Satins, Armures, Taffetas, Luxors, Peau de Soie, Bengalines, in lengths of 12 to 16 yards, from \$9.00 up.

### Waist Lengths

In Cashmeres and Flannels, from \$1.00 to \$3.00.  
In Taffetas, Satins, Peau de Soie, Bengalines, in lengths 1/2 yards, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

## JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post Office.

## Spectacles

WE CLAIM TO BE THE MOST Talented artists, Skilful fitters, Accurate frame adjusters in our line. Hence perfect results.

TORONTO OPTICAL PARLORS

11 King Street West

F. E. LUKE, Refracting Optician.

## Ports Sherries and Burgundies

Geo. W. Cooley

567 Yonge Street



## KNOWING WOMEN KNOW

that the complexion demands as much attention as the hair, hands, or teeth; that when fine lines and wrinkles begin to form around the eyes, mouth, ears, or on the forehead, or the skin begins to look faded and withered, they can use nothing better than

### Princess Skin Food

to restore it to its former freshness and vitality, and to tighten the cheeks and a hollow neck. Message directions with each pot. Price \$1.50, post paid anywhere.

**SPURIOUS** Moles, Warts, Red Veins, etc., removed permanently by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for book, "Health and Good Looks," and "About the Hair."

**Graham Dermatological Institute**  
11, 1853, 41 Carlton St., Toronto

**THE Teas, Luncheons and Reception** served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

## Successful Catering...

requires a large stock, long experience and ample facilities. The fact that we have all of these makes it easy to give complete satisfaction. No order is too large and none too small to receive faithful attention.

## The Harry Webb Co.

471 Yonge Street, Toronto

## Manicuring and Chiropody

best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments \$5.00 each.  
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist.  
A. STACHOUSE, 134 King St. West, Op. Road, House, Toronto. Telephone 188

## Social and Personal.



VERY large and jolly tea was given by Mrs. Walter S. Lee on Monday afternoon, the hostess choosing "neighborhood day," and thereby saving a precious half hour to many women trying to begin the season well by paying their over-due Monday visits. Mrs. Lee's teas are always very popular, so much so that they resemble the typical crush of the London season. To get in is difficult, to get out, if anyone wanted to, impossible, therefore the crowd is apt to be something tremendous about six o'clock. Such was the case on Monday, and a very merry crowd it was; from the happy word of welcome of Mrs. Lee, in her delicate shimmering gown of silk and lace, and the hearty echo from her daughter, Miss Mabel, in her most becoming green frock, with lace guimpe and sleeves, to the remotest corner of the opposite side of the house was a constant scene of greeting, laughing and good cheer. In the tea-room, the table, crowned with white 'mums set in a billowy mass of green tulle and looking very fresh and dainty, was attended by Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Leila Mackay, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Aileen Gooderham and Miss McMurrich, while the sweet little granddaughter of the house managed to find small crevices in the crush through which she slipped, thoughtfully offering goodies to anyone who seemed unattended. To tell who was there would take up a full column, but some who looked exceedingly well were Mrs. Russell, in a delicate grey gown; Miss Constance Beardmore, radiant and full of fun; Miss Violet Gooderham, Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Barnhardt, the ever-popular sisters, who were a couple of last year's brides; Mrs. Augustus Burritt, in a stunning frock, Mrs. Willie Davidson and her equally smart sister, Mrs. McKenzie Alexander; Miss Erie Temple, in a most fetching hat; Mrs. Riddell in a stunning deep purple velvet gown, opening over a vest of white satin, and a very chic hat piled with roses; Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Antoinette Plumb, looking very well after her long visit out of town; Mr. Arthurs and her jolly daughter, Mrs. Godfrey; Mrs. W. E. and Miss Hamilton; Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft and her handsome daughters, Mrs. Eddie Gooderham, Mrs. Grayson Smith in a lovely gown, Mrs. Waldie and Miss Waldie, Mrs. Snider of Deer Park, Mrs. Willie Crowther, Mrs. MacMurchy, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. and the Misses Cowan, Miss Michie and Mrs. R. Cowan; Miss Helen Armstrong in a very pretty gray frock and hat; the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Alice Stewart, Mrs. and Miss Kittie Paterson, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. and Miss Elwood, Miss Bessie Hees, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. W. Gooderham, Miss Nellie McConkey of Guelph, Miss Helen Macdonald, Mrs. Charlie Temple, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Strathy.

This afternoon and evening Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick gives his lecture on Hamlet, the Man of Will, and his interpretative recital of Richelieu, the Cardinal King. Miss Greta Masson of Boston will sing at the close of each of these artistic and interesting affairs, of which I hear great prophecies and anticipated pleasure from my most cultured acquaintances. The lectures take place in the Conservatory Music Hall at half-past two and eight o'clock.

Mrs. Alfred Boulton (nee Hannaford) holds her annual ceramic exhibition next Thursday and days following, closing on December 20, from four to half past nine, at her studio, 303 Church street.

The studio dance given by Mr. Dickson Patterson was a debut, as it chanced, for the two young ladies in whose honor it was arranged, the Misses Bertha and Ethel Mackenzie of Benvenuto. Not a formal coming out, for that will take place at their home later on. The bachelor host had many pretty and artistic effects and arrangements en train, among others the invitations and programmes which he cleverly designed for the dance. The invitations were beautifully decorated with rosebuds, and the small picture on the programmes had an allegorical significance which some of the guests enjoyed very much. The studio, which lends itself easily to such manipulation, was transformed into an ideal *salle de danse* with curtained nooks and hanging lanterns. The orchestra played in the west corner, and supper was served in the charming dining-room. To obviate the discomfort of crowding during the dances, a series of double dances was arranged, whereby one half of each dance was danced by the "red" partners and the other by the "blue." This is a more picturesque adaptation of the odd and even idea sometimes put in force for crowded parties, whereby only every other dance is indulged in, according as the programmes are numbered. The young people never looked more charming than at Mr. Patterson's studio dance, which was as delightful as such an affair could possibly be, and overwhelmed the bachelor host with congratulations.

Very cosy and welcome was the good cheer of Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson's drawing-room and bright grate-fire on that cold Monday this week, when with her charming youngest daughter she received many welcome back to Toronto. Owing to a carriage accident in which Miss Thompson

had a narrow escape from a very serious injury, that popular young lady is not just now strong enough to enjoy the jolly dances of the early season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hees left last week for a stay of several months in the South. Mrs. Hees requiring the change of climate after her long invalidism. Miss Hees is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees in Detroit during the absence of her parents.

Mrs. Richard Fuller's tea last Saturday was one of the half-dozen which tore society into sections, and sent people rushing from east to west or the other way about between five and six o'clock. The Misses Fuller and Miss Marion Wilkie took charge of the tea-room, where yellow 'mums and bright lights made a very pleasant glow of welcome. Only ladies were bidden to this affair.

The marriage of Miss Irene Gurney and Mr. Sanford Evans is another happy event of the very near future. Miss Margaret Huston sails for Paris in January. Mr. Lissant Beardmore has left for France, and will sail by the Rotterdam to Boulogne. Miss Eleanor Phillips has returned from Chicago. Mrs. George Dickson gives an At Home at St. Margaret's College next Friday evening from eight to eleven o'clock.

## The Bain Book Company

Offer the following

## Christmas Suggestions

Art Calendars  
Medallions  
Leather Wallets  
Leather Card Cases  
Leather Cigar Cases  
Leather Cigarette "Brass Ink Stands  
Brass Candle Sticks  
Brass Mirrors  
Gold Fountain Pens  
Stamp Albums  
Dainty Stationery (in boxes)  
Photo Calendars (Toronto views)  
AND...  
BOOKS for Everybody

When you want BOOKS visit an up-to-date bookshop.

Try...

96 Yonge Street

## Quaint Old Chippendale Furniture

INCLUDING  
Chairs  
Cabinets  
Settees  
Silver Tables  
Cheffioniers  
Mirrors  
Dressing Tables  
Writing Desks, &c.

Just arrived from England, twenty cases of Holiday Goods, including the above and a host of Art Objects.

**High Art in Christmas Presents**  
The Finest Selection in Canada.

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

ANTIQUARY FURNITURE  
422-4 Yonge Street - Toronto  
'PHONE 1275  
BRANCHE 4:  
Montreal, London and Birmingham, Eng.

## Choice Christmas Gifts IN BLACK AND WHITE

Real Ebony and Ivory articles for the toilet are always useful and make a handsome ornament for the dressing table.

**Ladies' Hair Brushes**  
**Gentlemen's Military Brushes**  
**Manicure Pieces** **Puff Boxes**  
**Hat Brushes** **Whisks**  
**Complexion Brushes**  
**Bevelled Mirrors**  
**Cloth Brushes** **Button Hooks**

Your choosing will be easy from this stock, whether you wish to purchase a 10c. or \$5.00 article.

**The HOOPER CO., Limited**  
Chemists and Druggists

43 and 45 King St. W.

## Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Has Merit: Reputation: Superiority

## Constipation and Hemorrhoids

IT IS UNEXCELLED.

Beware of Substitutes!



## HYGEIA Aero-Distilled Water

Is the product of the most modern and complete water still in Canada.

Free copy for the asking of "The Art of Living Two Hundred Years," by William Kinnear of London. The water is supplied in patent demijohns at 40 cents each. Distilled by

J. J. McLAUGHLIN

Manufacturing Chemist

151, 153, 155 SPURBOURNE STREET, - TORONTO



## A MARVEL OF BEAUTY

The most desirable for style.  
The only Glove that makes the hand look neat.

## FOWNES' CELEBRATED HIGH CLASS KID GLOVES

All fashionable people demand them.  
Reliable dealers throughout Canada sell them.  
Ask for them and don't take any other.

## The Bazaar

COMPANY OF TORONTO, LIMITED

TORONTO'S BRIGHTEST = DOLLS = 146 YONGE STREET 'Phone 8110

## DOLLS

That make old folks sigh and wish they were young again.

SLEEPING DOLLS  
BABY DOLLS  
SAILOR DOLLS

We have not space enough to tell you of all our beautiful collection of doll, but we will gladly show you all we have if you will pay us a visit.



DOLLS COME EARLY DOLLS

## Christmas Presents

Hair Goods  
Hair Ornaments  
Manicure Articles  
Ebony Goods, Etc.

**FOR LADIES** there is nothing more suitable than a nice Hair Ornament in Real Tortoise-shell, Real Cut Jet, Real Brilliant, Silver and Gold. We have Manicure Sets and Separate pieces in Silver, Pearl, Ebony, Rosewood, etc.  
**Ladies' Ebony Hair Brushes**, Ebony Mirrors, Silver Mirrors and Brushes, Ivory Brushes and Mirrors.  
**Perfume** in Cases in all the latest odors.  
**Ladies' Puff and Powder Boxes** in Ivory, Onyx and Shell.  
**Ladies' Hair Boxes** in Ebony.  
**HAIR GOODS** we have a beautiful stock of Natural Wavy Switches, Bangs, Waves, Head Coverings, etc., and to a lady who has thin or poor hair nothing could be more suitable.  
**Gentlemen's Traveling Cases**,  
**Gentlemen's Military Brushes** in Ebony, Whitewood, in Leather Case, Gentlemen's Shaving Sets,  
**Gentlemen's Hat and Cloth Brushes** in Ebony, Gentlemen's Manicure Sets in Ebony.

**FOR GENTLEMEN**

**W. T. PEMBER, 127-9 & 778 Yonge St.**

## Lazenby's Soup Squares

No housekeeper should be without.

For making soup in a hurry, or improving home-made soup, they are superior to all others.

## "Thistle" Brand Kipperred Herrings

are the best Canadian Fish to be had.

## Nothing That Needs Apologies In a Crompton Corset



The perfect "Yat-ti" is especially suitable for ladies who desire an easy-fitting and more flexible garment than the ordinary stays. Light in weight and moderate in price, the Yat-ti is a great favorite with the business woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or purchase money will be refunded by your dealer.

SOLD IN ALL THE DRY GOODS

## ARMAND'S NEW STYLE OF SWITCHES

The easiest way to fasten a switch on to the head. The easiest way to intermix one's own hair with a switch. The most charming effect is obtained. Made beautifully light, of natural wavy as well as straight hair.

We offer 20 per cent reduction in the ordinary style of switches with loop. Send for price list.

Stylish hair dressing for Balls, Soirees, Dinners, Theater, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc. Appointment should be made in advance. Ladies and Children's hair trimmed, singed and shampooed.

Have you ever tried our Face Massage and Steaming? It is the best, most natural and efficacious treatment for the complexion. \$1. or six for \$5.

We give the best manœuvre for 50c.

TEL. 248.  
J. TRANCE-ARMAND & CO.  
441 Yonge, cor. Carlton Toronto

## DORENWEND'S FINE ART HAIR GOODS

Always lead in the manufacturing of

**WIGS TOUPPEES BANGS SWITCHES Etc., Etc.**

Every case, from the smallest to the greatest, can be suited.

Hair Dressing, Manicuring and Face Steaming. Apartments in connection. Catalogue free to any address.

**The DORENWEND CO.**  
of Toronto, Limited  
103-105 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## JAY 438 Spadina Avenue

THE FLORIST

Chrysanthemums  
Roses and Violets

**MISS E. PORTER**

Fine Stationery  
Wedding Invitations  
Books  
Magazines

Visiting Cards  
Engraving  
Embossing  
Printing

Ladies' Work Depository  
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT  
47 King Street West  
TORONTO

# HER MISSION

By Grace E. Denison.

THEY came, a newly-married couple, into Bonesville, that uncouth, bustling, lawless, Western town. He had bought out Jack Sullivan's widow, after Jack had been shot in a gambling row. Jack had been a low-down man; Jack's widow was a worse woman than Bet Boone, and Bet Boone shot her husband, because he asked her where she had spent the evening. Jack's widow took her money sullenly; she had intended to remain in Bonesville and run the saloon, but the roughest man in the town disapproved of this plan, and so Mrs. Sullivan took measures to dispose of the good will and fixtures. Mr. and Mrs. Burt came to Bonesville on the noon train one hot summer day, and if ever a sensation of surprise entered the Bonesville public mind it was at their first view of Bessie Burt. Bill Burt had been there before, when he was a bachelor, as several men and women had cause to recollect. These men disappeared around corners when the train came in; those women stood brazenly on their front stoops and stared boldly into Bill's black eyes, and curiously into his wife's blue ones.

"Spunky and spirit for such a whiffet," said Bet Boone cordially. "Say, Bill, give us an introduction! I'm for makin' friends first lick."

Bill presented his bride.

"Bess, this here's Bet Boone, her as shot her man, you mind I told you 'bout it?"

Mrs. Burt put out her hand with a swift, hearty clasp in it, and said, "Pleased to meet you, and Bet's so well at Bill's words cleared up into a wide smile."

"Will you step in?" said she, hastily, throwing open the front door of the very most respectable house in Bonesville.

"Had we best step in?" enquired Mrs. Burt politely, pausing. Bill hurried his bride away.

"Most likely we will, one day when we ain't so pressed and drove, I thank you," she stammered, flustered out of her usual sang froid. A knot of loafers were clustered around the closed saloon, but Bill disappeared them.

"Bar don't open to-day," he said briefly, and he and his bride passed through the side door of the wooden house, and disappeared from view.

A low murmur went around the group, but they allowed it wasn't fair to press their doughty needs upon stalwart Bill on his marriage day, and soon slouched away. The shutters flew open upstairs, a little brown head like a bird's popped out; by-and-by, a little soft song mingled with sounds of sweeping, dusting, trying and boiling, and in less time than most women would have taken to loosen their shoes and wash their faces, Mrs. Burt rang a little cracked bell, and Bill emerged from the dimly lighted bar exclaiming, "Well, Bess, you do beat all for motion!"

For the first time in his life Bill Burt spread a dinner napkin on his broad knee; then he called across the table in an unnecessarily loud voice, "Come here, you!" Bess flitted down the small table.

"Kiss a man!" commanded Bill, grinning. She put both her arms around his neck, and gave him a hearty smack just under his drooping black moustache. Then she coughed.

"It's just the liquor smell," she said, laughing. "It took away my breath."

Bill gave her a quick, sharp glance, but her brow was clear and her eyes smiling.

"It is strong," he said apologetically, "and not so good second-hand. Well, after I've ate you can give me another, with no liquor in."

The day passed merrily. Bess fairly mesmerized the dishes, and furniture, and curtains, and rug. The home was well fitted out, with some pretensions to richness, and before nightfall the new mistress had imparted an indescribable touch of refinement as well. Bill was worn out, so hard had he to work to keep pace with his bride, and he announced his intention of strolling down to the postoffice to find out whether the mail was in.

"You might invite that friendly woman to step around," said Bess carelessly, and Bill sat down at once. For some hitherto unknown feeling was working in him, making him abhor the idea of a close contact between Bess and Bet. After a little a knock came at the door.

"It's only me!" cried Bet's voice, and while Bill swore a deep malediction, Bess hurried to open the door.

"I wondered if you'd step around," she said pleasantly. "Take a chair and set down."

The women talked while Bill smoked; presently his brow grew clear, and he rose and left the room. This was the first conversation in which Bet Boone had ever taken part to his knowledge without profuse and pronounced profanity. "She kin act the lady!" he muttered in amazement.

II.

AFTER Bet's visit and report thereon, Bonesville took up Mrs. Burt. They called on her, good, bad and indifferent, they gave evening drives and sails and picnics for her, and when they heard her sing, they got up a concert, on the programme of which her name appeared six times. Bonesville became her slaves in the mad and heart-whole manner of the West. Such a trig, merry, bright, youthful creature, whose influence everyone yielded to and nobody felt; as for Bill, he was too proud to keep still and too proud to speak, alternately smiling and frowning.

Business was good at the saloon; crowds of loafers gathered on the wide veranda, after Mrs. Burt's piano came, to hear her play her scales and sing her ballads. Sometimes after one of the latter a burst of hand-claps would smite the night air in twain, then Mrs. Burt would at once sing it over again.

"She's had bringin' up, that gal o' yours," remarked old Solomon Isaacs, whose name was Hank Smith, but had been aliased in Jewish guise by the exigencies of business—Mr. Smith being the owner of the pawn shop.

"You bet," replied Bill carelessly, but proud, nevertheless, for Hank Smith was down on all femininity.

"She has folks?" enquired Hank.

"Nary," said Bill shortly. "She's a orphan, leastways she was till she got me."

"N' aunts 'n' uncles?"

"Nary, I told you. Don't be so all-fired thick, Sol. I don't fret over Bess and her folks. I'm folks enough for her, I guess!"

Solomon looked at the massive limbs, the grand torso and the fine head crowned with raven curls and smiled.

"Guess you be," he said.

Bonesville was proud of Bessie Burt. The first question asked of strangers who were conversationally disposed, after the usual catechism of personalities, was, "Seen Bill Burt's wife yet?"

The stranger would perhaps stare, and enquire, "Who's she?" Then a description, varied only in form, according as it emanated from a digger, a lodging house keeper, the minister or the town constable, would give the stranger cause to remark, "Guess she's a fine woman," which would immediately call forth the heartiest of assents, and in two cases out of the four an instant invitation to take something, and a respectful indication that "Miss Burt lived off the saloon, you see."

Bill was the same old heavy handed, non-sensical sort of bar-tender as of yore, but gradually there crept even into the atmosphere of the bar room a taste of reserve and decency. Foul oaths grew scarce and smothered; strange diggers were amazed to be smartly shut up in the first stanza of a ribald song; no one was allowed to thus hurt the feelings of Bill Burt's wife, though how the gang came to the knowledge that such would be the result, or why they cared though it were, not one of them could have circumstantially explained.

Bet Boone gave up swearing. "I've quit," she announced, when some cryer remarked upon it. "It's no trick for a woman to get into. Might 's well war the pants at once."

The cryer sneered openly. "Larning Eastern company manners!" she asked viciously, but Bet only shrugged her shapely shoulders and said carelessly, "Shouldn't wonder."

No one knew what it cost her, in self-denial, to break off a habit of years. But she did more than leave off swearing. She lived purely, in an adamant virtue that no money, or coaxing, or association could melt into a lapse. The scarlet curtain, piteous badge of her former shame, disappeared from the front window of her home, and those who came were greeted with a gust of steam and soapuds, and a vision of Bet's fine form bending over washtub or ironing board, deaf to any dealings but those of a laundress, and looking like a Venus in her foam of frothy soapuds.

Once she was surprised singing a verse of Mrs. Burt's favorite song, some ballad of the day, simple and sweet, and as trolled forth by buxom Bet, quite effective. She crumpled under the bold compliment of the half-drunken miner who had stepped over her threshold, and in half a moment he was flying head foremost into the roadway, with a bucketful of grimy soapuds after him. So Bet held the fort—and by degrees Bonesville respected even her.

The minister moved into Bonesville very soon after Mrs. Burt arrived, and he and his delicate little wife, and a written notice was pinned on the church door that services would be held on the following Sabbath. Mrs. Burt smiled when she read the scrawl, and while she and Bill supped and chatted she said in her bright pleasant way:

"We're gettin' quite a town, Bill. There's a preacher come at last, and there's to be meeting on Sunday. That just finishes my wants, for I've felt real lonesome for a good sing and a real old-fashioned church meeting. Would you like for us to have minister and his wife for tea to-morrow? I'm going to bake in the morning."

Now, if there was one thing more than another that Bill Burt hated, it was a preacher, not for any particular reason, but just on general principles, and for one moment his wife saw such a scowl as she had not yet seen on his handsome black brows. But she hanted him his fourth cup of tea blithely, and went on:

"He's the littlest bit of a man, and Bill, he minds me a little of pa, do you know? I felt just like going over and telling him to come right in and see you, so you could notice it! His wife is little too, and pale and sickly. I think, Bill, she's—"

and a nod and a shake of the brown head said the rest.

Bill felt the antagonism draining from his soul. He could not refuse hospitality to a very small preacher who reminded his little woman of her dead father, nor could he be unkind to the dying wife. So he gave his black curls a rake with one big hand. "Have who you've a mind to, old girl!" she said.

As soon as Mrs. Burt had made her kitchen neat, and changed her house dress for her very best gown, she rang the call bell and summoned her big husband. He came in his shirt-sleeves, and stood in the bar passage waiting.

"I know you can't leave to go with me, dear," said the pretty figure in the sitting-room, "but would you just as soon come after me? Likely as not they'll need some help getting settled, and I would feel free to offer if you would call for me."

Bill Burt was no boor. "Of course I can, my girl," he said heartily. "Stay as long as you've a mind; would ten o'clock suit you? I'm shutting early to night."

With a very bright smile, but no words, Mrs. Burt gave him one of her warm, hearty kisses, and hurried down the street to the bare, boarded house where the little minister and two carters were uncaring bedding and pinning up curtains. In her trim market-basket, Mrs. Burt had packed half a dozen flaky buttered biscuits, a pot of jam, a roll of cold ham, and sundry other matters, and before the weary strangers knew where they were she had taken possession of them and set them down to a good cup of tea and a rather tempting meal. Everything was done with pretty apologies, but with such breathless celerity, such beaming goodwill!

Then a great linen apron, tea cloths, and a package of pearline came out of the basket, and the front windows were rubbed bright and neat blinds put up before the sun was quite down. Then the debris of packages and boxes was carried away, and in the brightest room the bed was set up and made, and the rug tacked down and the trunks carried in.

The preacher and his wife were gentle-folks, poor, proud, educated and rather delicately appointed, and many were the coos and purrs of appreciation which Bill Burt's wife gave as she came across various pretty and superior articles of linen, china and household appointments. The preacher's wife was too worn out by the long train journey to do more than suggest and approve, but Mrs. Burt flew from room to room doing the work of three, and so delightfully busy and pleased that a smile stole over the weary face of the newcomer every time she looked at her. Bill came punctually at ten o'clock and received the outpouring of gratitude from the preacher and his wife with furtive delight.

"She beats the band for flying around, I allow," he said, as his tired wife leaned against him, and looked about on the result of her labor.

"Ask them," said she softly, with a confidential squeeze of his arm, and somehow Bill did actually invite the preacher and his wife to tea the next evening. Mrs. Burt saying never a word. They came and Bill closed the bar, explaining to all and sundry that he had company until nine o'clock, and would wait upon them after that hour.

A few of the more thirsty strayed down to a small house of entertainment of a second class, but the majority sat patiently on the veranda, smoking and exchanging yarns, until Mrs. Burt's piano began to sound and her sweet voice rang out in ballad and song. She knew they were listening, and she smiled, as a dead silence followed her most popular effort, for she recognized the consideration for "the company" which kept the usual applause in check. And how it happened, Bill Burt never knew, but before he returned to his thirsty townsmen he had promised that Bessie should play at the opening services on the morrow; and what was worse, he had also made up his mind to close the saloon while he attended her to church.

No word of religion was spoken, but it was all settled in the most natural manner possible, though Bill Burt felt that he was acting in the most unheard-of and unpremeditated fashion of his own free will, and under no compulsion whatever.

He went, and in the amazed face of all the customers he put up a notice that the saloon would be closed during meeting; and then, finding his usual occupation gone, he concluded he might as well take in the service. As Bessie sang the plain sweet hymns he had not heard for a quarter of a century, he felt a wave of tenderness towards her, and a tightness in his throat that was unpleasant and embarrassing. But outwardly he was the ordinary cool and indifferent Bill Burt, and when he tied on his apron after church and served portions of fire-water to the crowd, who had found the waiting hour long enough, he was a trifle more careless and off hand than usual, and carried things with a very high hand.

III.

SUMMER grew into autumn and autumn into winter, and the love of Bonesville grew deeper and warmer for Bill Burt's wife. Every digger asked, as he lifted his glass, "How's missus?" And Bill always answered, "She's finely," and the digger remarked in an off-hand way, "Here's luck to her," and Bill responded, "Blessed to you!" Mrs. Burt's piano was seldom touched as the days grew long; even her humming sewing-machine was still, for every little, tiny garment was ready, every dainty embroidery was finished; blue bows were on a jealousy hidden bassinet, and a hanging nest of muslin and lace and more blue bows was covered with a snowy sheet in the corner of the living-room. Every woman in Bonesville had gazed on the preparations, and had told every man that they reckoned the Prince of Wales had nothing finer for his, and the men had questioned and laughed, and cast kindly, protective glances up at a certain window where the brown head bent over sewing or book, or popped from casement to casement as the little woman busied herself about the house. They had few outside interests, these isolated, rough folk, and the rich fountain of their pent-up affection flowed deep round the little mother-expectant. Old, wise women came and brought her every known recipe and instruction. The men grumbled because she hid herself from them. Such was an unheard-of course in Bonesville. Bill remarked, "She's just shy," and a tender glow of sacredness and refined feeling grew up in those rough souls for the cloistered wife. When at dusk she and Bill walked the prescribed half-mile, with the little woman's short steps going three to one to his great strides, men stepped inside their doors and cried to their wives, "Say, you there's Miss Burt. Go an' ask her health!" and mothers dropped their babies and popped out to whisper a moment with

Bill's wife, ignoring giant Bill, overlooking him as if he were nobody.

One morning the minister had a dream; he often had dreams now, poor man, for his frail little wife coughed no more in her cold small resting-place in the new cemetery, the first of the people of Bonesville to lie in consecrated ground. The minister leapt out of his bed and hurried on his clothes. It was broad moonrise in a fair spring night and the whole face of Nature seemed to rebuke his tremor. There was a light burning in Bill Burt's house, however, for Bill had been uneasy all night about the little woman and had telegraphed for the hospital nurse and the doctor at sundown. They came on the midnight train and were fast asleep when the minister tapped tremulously on the door panel, and confronted Bill, who stood in his shirt and trousers and stocking feet, a very seedy and distressed-looking Hercules.

"I'll sit with you a while, if you don't mind," he said lamely. "I hope Mrs. Burt is resting well."

"Sound as a top—an' the doctor an' the nurse"—said Bill in a hoarse whisper—"thought she'd make a night of it sure, but laws! she'll just take her time, to be contrary. An' the doctor he says he won't stay after to-morrow. Just like a woman, anyway, ain't she, parson?"

They sat down—Bill with his pipe, and the parson with his pale, startled face still wearing the look of fright it had shown when he started up with his dream fresh upon him. "I don't wonder you are anxious," he stammered. "Everyone feels so about her. We all think so much of your wife, Mr. Burt, as if she were kin to us, and the notion of losing her—" he stopped suddenly, for Bill had jumped from his chair.

"There," he said sharply. "No croakin', parson! Bess is a healthy little woman, and not in any danger. Doctor says she's bound to have a good time, so does nurse. Say, mayn't I get you a sup o' brandy? I just will. You look to need it bad enough," and Bill slipped into the darkened recesses of the bar and brought forth a small glass of brandy and water, and the parson helplessly swallowed it, to exorcise the horror which possessed him. He had dreamed of a white dead face, framed in brown hair, over which he had tried in vain to read the burial service, and he had seen in the crossed arms of the dead, a tiny cold form.

"There, you're better now," said Bill, taking back the glass. "Would you like to see the cradle? Bess has fixed it up right smart. Say, look at that!" and with a touch of his finger he set the snowy nest swinging. "Parson, if any feller'd told me I'd feel like to do this very minute, just you and me together, I'd a laughed at him. Honest! Why, parson, I could go down on my knees for her—and it—say—I truly could."

They stood on either side of the swinging cradle, the frail little preacher and the giant, but they were trembling one as much as the other, and with one impulse they kneeled softly down and grasped hands across the empty cradle, while in gentle faltering tones the preacher talked to God of their hopes, their fears, their happiness. Bill Burt never took his eyes off the white haggard face of the little preacher until he softly breathed, Amen. His great black eyes shone with fire, his lips were set, his hand gripped the preacher's like a vice, he was thoroughly aroused, and in earnest. When the two men stood up he drew a long breath.

"Parson," he said solemnly, "I believe in God."

It was a simple confession, straight from the awakened and convinced soul of a man, and the parson knew it.

"I am glad," he said; "whatever happens that's a comfort."

Before another word was exchanged a sharp cry came from a side room, "Bill, husband, oh!" and Bill rushed lamp in hand to his wife's bedside. The nurse and the doctor came and bundled the scared preacher out of the house, and ordered him home at once.

It was like him that he went instead to the meeting-house, and there in the cold and dark knelt before the altar and prayed for the woman in distress. When Bonesville awakened up, the first thought in every woman's heart was a query about Bill Burt's wife. They peeped across at the saloon, and as they breakfasted they exchanged conjectures, bets, and laughing congratulations over the expected baby. Quite a number of them were looking across when the door opened and Bill came out. He stood on the threshold looking up at the sunrise, his face white and his lips moving.

Then, in another moment, the nurse stepped out, in her hand two long streamers, one all white, another longer, all black. She pinned them on the panels without a look at the bereft husband and father, and then, putting her hand on his arm she drew him unresistingly inside the threshold.

Bonesville breathed one long breath of dismay, terror and incredulity; then the tears began to fall; women shrieked, and sobbed, and raved; men cursed, and choked, and cursed again. In the first moment of distress even Bet Boone forgot her vows, and uttered a malediction that burned in the ears of those who heard it. Then she flung herself on her face on the floor, and trembled and pleaded piteously, fruitlessly, with the God whom she had never before addressed save in blasphemy and profanity.

And the two streamers fluttered in the spring breezes, while with gloomy face and frowning brows, the Bonesville carpenter hammered at a gruesome task.

What need to tell of the sorrow of her lying in state, a gentle snowy-faced image, with her cold arms folded over her cold baby? Bill sat at her side, with his face in his hands, as the noisy weepers passed by. Poor souls, they entered with stern self-repression, but at the first glimpse of the tragedy a sob and a howl fought in their throats and the room was full of broken cries and the air was heavy with groans.

Each one had lost her, as the preacher softly told them, next day in the church,

## READ YOUR FORTUNE IN A CUP OF "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

It will tell you that you are destined to drink "Salada" the rest of your long and happy life.

where the organ stood closed, and Bill sat like a statue beside the bier, and he said, very gently, that while they all knew why God had made her live, no one knew why He had let her die.

And just then, Bill Burt rose before the congregation, his eyes glowing, and his soul alight behind them, and he looked over the familiar faces, red with weeping and pale with sympathetic grief. "I know why she died, folks!" he said solemnly. "So we'd remember what she thought on, and believe what she believed. Folks, she's up aloft, and—," his voice faltered a moment as he glanced at the bier—"folks, I believe in God!"

Toronto, Dec. 99.

Have you read Society Types by Ko-Ko (Lady Gay)?

A Parallel Case.

The Case of R. A. Wade, the Criminal Lawyer of Chicago, Duplicated by that of an Ontario Lady.

Wade's Sight was Restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Mrs. George Barnes was not only short-sighted, but Deaf—Part of a Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Restored Both Sight and Hearing.

SMITH'S FALLS, Dec. 4.—The case of R. A. Wade, the great criminal lawyer of Chicago, is at present exciting considerable attention in the United States, many of the papers of that country having devoted considerable space to it. A similar case has occurred on our own side of the line, in that of Mrs. George Barnes of this town.

R. A. Wade is the lawyer who defended Prendergast the first time he stood trial for murdering Canger Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. He had been retained in a number of sensational trials before, and has been since, and is one of the best known lawyers in America. He contracted Kidney Disease, and the uric acid, always present in the system when the kidneys are deranged, attacked his eyes, and Mr. Wade went blind. He started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and gradually the kidney trouble disappeared and his sight returned.

Now read Mrs. Barnes' letter and see how what was almost considered a miracle by the people of Chicago has been duplicated in Canada.

Dodd's Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled for over a year with Female Weakness and Urinary Trouble resulting from Kidney Disease. I have consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse. At times I would be deaf and short-sighted. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I got one box. I have used part of the box and am completely cured, and strange to say both my hearing and eye-

SMITH'S FALLS.

FOR ELEGANT EFFECT As well as durability, Nothing finishes the skirt edge so handsomely as the

S. H. & M. Bias Velvet Skirt Binding. BELLE is the name of the S. H. & M. Plain Velvet. REDFERN is the name of the S. H. & M. Bias Corded Velvet.

Be sure that S. H. & M. is stamped on the back of every yard you buy.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 FRONT ST. W., TORONTO

KAY'S—CANADA'S GREATEST CARPET AND CURTAIN HOUSE—KAY'S

Japanese Rugs A DROP IN PRICES

Several hundred Rugs—Japanese Rugs—that you can find a useful place for in almost any room. The wear is in them, and they have a warm-like look that adds to the cosiness of the room. The prices that follow are much less than these rugs are usually sold for:

—Japanese Rugs, size 4 1/2 x 4 1/2, very special, \$1.80.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 6 x 6, very special, \$2.40.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 8 x 8, very special, \$3.40.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 9 x 11, very special, \$5.50.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 10 x 12, very special, \$13.50.

Along with these we will sell the balance stock of Japanese Matting, some of which were priced at 50c., at the one price of 25c. a yard.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., 36-38 King St. West, Toronto

sight are now unaffected. You may publish this if it will be the means of assisting others.

I remain yours, etc., MRS. GEORGE BARNES.

"What's the difference between football and war?" "Football is war without any human object in view."—Ex.

He (in an argument)—Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced. She—You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough.—Ex.

Are all Right for Xmas Gifts

"I would be something really valuable—lasting—and an addition to the furniture of the home—to give mother or wife a handsome brass bed for a Christmas gift. Our assortment of brass beds is large, the good kind and tastefully finished. —Prices for brass beds range from —15 to \$60.

OSTERMOOR BEDDING CO. 434 Yonge Street - Toronto Opposite Carlton Street.

LAXATIVE LOGIC

To induce a cathartic action of the bowels without the objectionable effects, such as griping, etc., so common to the majority of laxatives, no remedy responds to the need of the patient with more satisfaction and celerity than

Cascara Laxative Tablets (DR. SIMS)

There is no remedy that stimulates nature so well in its effect; no other is better suited to the permanent relief of intestinal inactivity or constipation. Its gentle effect produces the natural function of the bowels. By the use of CASCARA LAXATIVE TABLETS they do not produce the cathartic taking habit, and all cases where a laxative is indicated they are a help, not a hindrance. 25 cents per box at all druggists, or from

The Dr. Sims Tablet Co. TORONTO, ONT.

NO MORE OLD LADIES

For wrinkles can positively be removed, and to give positive proof Madame Kennedy, the leading and successful complexion specialist, as an old lady of 70 years of age and is treating one side of her face leaving the other side to show just how billy she is wrinkled. This can be seen any time from the 1st of Nov. to the 1st of Dec. Every lady should call and see how learn how to look young. All consultation free. MADAME KENNEDY Parlors 114 Yago St., upstairs.

LADIES, PLEASE NOTICE

Free Lessons in Silk Work Messrs. Heilmann & Sons, manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay Street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices. Phone 144. 52 Bay Street.

Bell Pianos Built to last a lifetime

For XMAS GIFTS

You are looking for something—NEW—that is essential: IF USEFUL—it will be more fully appreciated. We can offer you specialties combining the requirements for ladies, men and children.

Fleece Slippers—Too well known to need description, new colors of course.

Easy Lounge Jackets and Sweaters Unique Neckwear and Gloves Handsome Hangers of Fancy sweaters English Dressing Gowns and Cyclists' Waists

We will pay express charges on all Xmas presents in Ontario (half charges any part Canada).

JAEGER'S DEPOT . 85 King Street West TORONTO

FOR ELEGANT EFFECT As well as durability, Nothing finishes the skirt edge so handsomely as the

S. H. & M. Bias Velvet Skirt Binding. BELLE is the name of the S. H. & M. Plain Velvet. REDFERN is the name of the S. H. & M. Bias Corded Velvet.

Be sure that S. H. & M. is stamped on the back of every yard you buy.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 FRONT ST. W., TORONTO

KAY'S—CANADA'S GREATEST CARPET AND CURTAIN HOUSE—KAY'S

Japanese Rugs A DROP IN PRICES

Several hundred Rugs—Japanese Rugs—that you can find a useful place for in almost any room. The wear is in them, and they have a warm-like look that adds to the cosiness of the room. The prices that follow are much less than these rugs are usually sold for:

—Japanese Rugs, size 4 1/2 x 4 1/2, very special, \$1.80.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 6 x 6, very special, \$2.40.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 8 x 8, very special, \$3.40.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 9 x 11, very special, \$5.50.  
—Japanese Rugs, size 10 x 12, very special, \$13.50.

Along with these we will sell the balance stock of Japanese Matting, some of which were priced at 50c., at the one price of 25c. a yard.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., 36-38 King St. West, Toronto

UP OF  
99  
Salada  
You may publish  
of assisting  
BARNES.  
between football  
without any  
thank good  
—You ought  
like yours is  
all  
light for  
Christmas Gifts  
valuable  
to the mother  
for a  
is large,  
-bed,  
range from  
NG CO.  
Toronto  
et.  
LOGIC  
of the bowels  
of the majority  
of the need of  
and celerity  
e Tab  
ates nature  
ter suited  
of inactive  
ect produe  
vels. By to  
ABIS they o  
habit, and  
dicated thy  
or from  
let Co.  
DIES  
an positively  
to give pe  
Koni 4y,  
a successful  
cialist, as  
years of ge  
one sid of  
ing the over  
ing row belly  
This idy  
time lom  
to the l of  
see hernd  
ulation ee.  
114 Yoge  
tals.  
NOTICE  
Mrs. Hoin-  
and Sonthe  
Midway Sla-  
ack at leir  
l, Toronto.  
in wool in  
offices.  
street.  
nos  
time  
S  
omethin-  
FUL-is  
e cures  
remets  
no need e-  
ows  
weaters  
cyclists  
all Xms  
any prt  
reet Wsl  
s  
ul  
es

**"Tiger Brand"  
Clothing**

FROM MAKER TO WEARER—EVERY  
GARMENT WE SELL IS MADE ON THE  
PREMISS—THIS LABEL IS YOUR GUAR-  
ANTEE.

**E. Boisseau & Co.**  
Wholesale Tailors,  
Toronto.

**Boys' Suits**

There's a snappy, dressy  
look about the "Norfolk"  
style that makes a boy  
feel "most a man"—  
Suppose you pick from a  
lot of nice greyish tweeds  
—at 3.00—  
Men's wool underwear—  
start it at 50 cents and go  
to 3 75 the garment—  
Your money back if you want it—

**E. Boisseau & Co.**  
TEMPERANCE and YONGE



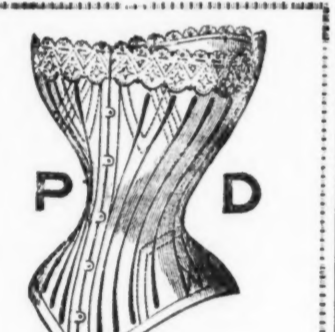
**A Delicious  
Tubbing**

and then refreshing sleep—there  
is nothing better for any baby.  
Always use the "Albert"

**BABY'S OWN  
SOAP**

and your child will have a fine  
complexion and never be troubled  
with skin diseases.  
The National Council of Women  
of Canada have recommended  
it as very suitable for nursery  
use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.,  
MONTREAL,  
Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soaps.



**When Being Fitted  
For Your New Costume Wear  
P. D. Corsets**

They will make your bodice fit  
better, last longer and look smarter.  
Long and short waists to suit all  
figures.  
If your dealer has not got them  
he can get them for you.  
\$1 to \$30 a pair.

**YOUR FINE  
LACE CLEANED**

It is not everyone who can clean with  
the necessary care a delicate piece of  
lace. Perhaps something of this kind  
is needed as you approach the holiday  
season. The work is done here to the  
satisfaction of many of Canada's best  
people. Repairs are made by expert  
lace workers.  
**R. PARKER & CO.**  
DYERS AND CLEANERS, TORONTO  
Head Office and Works, 757-59 Yonge St.  
Branches:— 471 Queen St. West  
301 Yonge St. 1367 Queen St. West  
59 King St. West 277 Queen St. East  
Phone—3337, 3640, 2142, 1004, 2686.

**CHINA PAINTING** in one  
lesson  
is impossible, but perfect dyeing, at  
home too, is possible with  
**Maypole Soap.**  
WASHES and DYES  
Send for FREE book on home DYEING to  
**A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.**

**WHIRLWIND  
CARPET  
CLEANER** CARPETS TAKEN UP,  
CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.  
Cor. Bloor and Manning  
Phone 5530 **R. P. POWELL, Proprietor**

**GOLD SPECTACLES**  
A specialty  
at the old established firm.  
**C. POTTER, 31 King Street.**

**Shipping on the Great Lakes.**

**ARTHUR J. STRINGER**, a 'Varsity  
man who is making quite a re-  
putation as a poet and short  
story writer, has an article in  
*Ainslee's Magazine* dealing with  
the enormous trade of the Great Lakes.  
"One-third of the population of the  
United States is dependent on these lakes  
for their export and import trade," writes  
Mr. Stringer.  
"This waterway taps the richest and  
most prosperous agricultural territory on  
this continent of ours, together with our  
most productive mines, and it is worth  
while noting that within a radius of 400  
miles of Cleveland lies one-half the popula-  
tion of the United States. It is a well-  
established fact that deep-water trans-  
portation is, and necessarily must be, far  
below the cost of transportation by rail;  
indeed, it is computed that the cost of  
water transportation by steam, when the  
voyage is of any considerable length, is  
about one-quarter the average cost of  
transportation by rail, while by sailboat  
it is only one-eighth of the latter. As this  
question of transportation determines to  
a great extent the existence or the non-  
existence of a possible industry, and  
enhances or diminishes the value of every  
article of export in proportion to its  
efficiency and economy, the battle cry of  
the West for 'twenty feet of water be-  
tween Duluth and the sea' is no great  
problem to account for. In the year 1888  
there passed through the Sault Ste. Marie  
canals no less than 21,234,664 tons of  
Canadian freight, alone having a value of  
\$200,000,000, while American ships moved  
some 108,000,000 tons through the same  
waters for the same length of time.  
"The total traffic through the locks of  
this 'Soo' Canal, for less than eight  
months, is five times as great in number  
of vessels and slightly less than twice as  
much in actual tonnage as passes through  
the Suez Canal during an entire year. Through  
this same Suez Canal, which  
boasts of carrying the commerce of the  
world, there passed, during last year,  
8,500,000 tonnage, while there floated  
through the locks of 'Susan Mary' a  
tonnage of 16,500,000. The stupendous  
proportions of the traffic on our Great  
Lakes may also be realized from the fact that  
more ships sail the Detroit River than enter  
either the port of London or Liverpool. A  
greater number of passengers, on the other  
hand, pass through this same river than  
do in and out of the port of New York,  
the great gateway of the New World. In  
fact, the total number of passengers car-  
ried annually by the lake fleet falls very  
slightly short of 200,000,000. The city of  
Buffalo, which claims the largest grain  
elevator in the world, does a business in  
the trans-shipment of grain and flour  
which exceeds that done by any other  
city in existence. Cleveland, with the ex-  
ception of the Clyde, is the most extensive  
ship-building center of the present day.  
The nether shores of the lower lakes have  
been decked with a collection of the  
busiest and most prosperous manufactur-  
ing centers in the United States, and so  
much so that to-day our country's com-  
mercial center of gravity will be found to  
fall somewhere along the northern por-  
tion of Ohio. Mill and foundry and fac-  
tory in all these cities depend on the great  
iron freighters that stream north with coal  
and bring southward their cargoes of  
timber and grain and iron, and it is in the  
possibility of such economic exchange  
that lurks the secret of Uncle Sam's mer-  
cantile greatness.  
"It is in just this, too, that lies the  
secret of how the United States has taken  
such a generous hand in the feeding of  
the world. It is an accepted fact with  
shippers that Liverpool makes the price of  
cush wheat, and that every cent saved on  
the cost of delivering American grain at  
Liverpool means so much money to be  
paid to the owner of this wheat at the  
time it is sold and shipped. So Duluth, in  
a commercial sense, is placed by the Great  
Lakes two thousand miles closer to Europe  
than is, let us say, St. Louis. The Cana-  
dian Government has recently realized this  
fact, and, although they have  
heretofore allowed American vessels to  
carry ninety-six per cent. of the traffic  
of the Great Lakes, they are now  
perfecting a deep waterway system  
from Port Arthur to the Gulf of St.  
Lawrence that promises to threaten even  
the business of the port of New York and  
the comparatively diminutive Erie Canal.  
The last link of this enterprise of the  
Canadian Government was forged by the  
opening of the Soulanges Canal, and by  
its operation it is expected that the cost of  
transporting lake freights to tide-water  
will be reduced to such an extent that  
there will be a saving of from one to two  
cents a bushel on wheat. The Canadians  
have expended over \$62,000,000 to secure  
their fourteen feet of water between Port  
Arthur and Montreal, and in comparison  
with this the \$40,000,000 expended by the  
United States seems relatively insignifi-  
cant, especially when one remembers the  
surpassing extent to which our com-  
mercial interests are involved in such deep  
waterway improvements. Our greatest  
interests in this connection, of course, are  
in the iron and coal exchange, which takes  
place between Ohio and Lake Superior  
ports.  
"It is an unappreciated but indisputable  
fact that the Great Lakes lie at the root  
of America's present supremacy in the  
iron and steel market of the world. It  
has been actually the reduction of lake  
freight rates on these two essentials of  
life and commerce, brought about by im-  
proved facilities for loading and discharg-  
ing cargoes, the increased tonnage of lake  
vessels, and the improvement of rivers  
and harbors, that has allowed the Ameri-  
can steel worker triumphantly to invade  
the English markets.  
"But as the increase in population of  
the United States demands new fields for  
labor, as the West fills up and develops  
and the future commercial growth of this  
country is found to lie in the direction of  
the foreign market, it is on this great,  
though somewhat neglected, artery of  
commerce between Duluth and Buffalo  
that the economist of the future will

**The Stage as a Profession.**

**LGA NETHERSOLE**, the English  
actress who in her tours on  
this continent has always met  
with a warm welcome and has  
earned untold praise in To-  
ronto and Montreal, has written  
an article entitled *My Struggles to Succeed*,  
for the December *Cosmopolitan*. It is  
very interesting reading and should be  
read by young girls who are deluded with  
the idea that they might find an easy,  
pleasant and profitable career on the  
stage. Miss Nethersole is an earnest  
woman, and her plain statement of her  
own experiences should have weight.  
Her ability is undoubted, and when she  
met with so many difficulties it should  
occur to even those who secretly hold the  
opinion that they, too, have much ability,  
that the stage offers no easy—generally  
speaking, no possible road to success.  
Miss Nethersole's people were strongly  
opposed to her going on the stage, but  
she was very determined and so set  
about it.  
"I do not believe, and I say it con-  
scientiously," writes Miss Nethersole,  
"that there is any profession bristling  
with so many difficulties and drawbacks  
as the dramatic profession, and it astounds  
me to hear of novices lightly and cheer-  
fully abandoning excellent prospects in  
other walks of life to take up a  
dramatic career, which, shorn of its  
possibilities (that come only to a very  
few), is a most heart-wearing and  
spirit-breaking business. One can ascribe  
the phenomenon only to the intense and  
alluring fascination of the footlights.  
More and more each year do I restrain  
my advice to people who ask me as to a  
stage career, except to warn them not to  
try, and at this moment, as a general rule,  
I do most earnestly advise every body not  
to go near it. I have many reasons for  
saying this, and they are to be found both  
before and behind the curtain. The re-  
wards are too few and the difficulties too  
great to make it a desirable career for  
average men and women. As a rule, the  
individual endowed by nature with ability  
to succeed in the dramatic profession is  
quite capable for, and probably would  
succeed equally well or even better in,  
some other and less wearisome profession.  
"I went on the stage ten years ago, in  
spite of the usual family opposition—  
which, by the way, is more prevalent in  
my country than in America. I was a  
governess before I was an actress, and  
the desire to become an actress had a  
steady growth in my mind. I marched  
with me as I grew, until one day I realized  
the time had come for me to shed the  
shell of the governess and try to merge  
into the actress. I shall never forget the  
difficulties I had to contend with before I  
was able to make my way known in the  
proper direction. Not belonging to a  
theatrical family, and having no theatri-  
cal connections, I was absolutely in the  
dark as to when and how to set out.  
I did not even belong to an amate-  
ur dramatic club, although it is true,  
my amateur histrionic fame was such  
that I was now and then requested to  
take part in some of the amateur clubs'  
performances in the neighborhood of my  
residence.  
"It was by accident that I secured my  
first introduction to a real, live Manager.  
I got a letter from a lady, whose acquaint-  
ance I made, and who knew an actor who  
she thought might know some manager to  
whom I might be introduced. It fell out  
as we wished, and I had my first ray of  
hope when I received a letter from the  
actor introducing me to a London Man-  
ager. Capital M again! 'The easiest  
thing in the world,' thought I, 'is to go  
to his theater and present the letter.'  
Then came the first bitterness after plac-  
ing my foot on the ladder. Although the  
manager at the time was playing nightly  
in London, it took me three months to  
present the letter, and six weeks more  
were wasted before I was ushered into his  
room. The vexations and mortifications I  
underwent at that time would make a  
most interesting deterrent to the un-  
dowed, ambitious amateur, but space is  
too valuable to allow me to expand upon  
what is now only a faint memory.  
"My star was evidently in the ascend-  
ant on the day that I entered the man-  
ager's sanctum, for he dismissed me, after  
a five minutes' interview, with a part  
and a promise of an engagement—and a very  
good part it turned out to be. My first  
part! That was ten years ago, and from  
that time until now, I have worked and  
struggled incessantly, and often and often  
it has seemed that I was rolling a stone up  
a hill only to have it fall back threatening  
to crush the spirit out of me."  
The reader must bear in mind that is  
from an actress who is supposed to have  
made a big success on the stage.

**GOURLAY  
WINTER & LEEMING**  
188 YONGE ST TORONTO.

**Fond of Music?**



THE REGINA MUSIC BOX  
If you're one of the people who  
are fond of music but yet have  
no skill in playing, you'll find a  
Music Box a source of constant  
delight—a companion that never  
loses its charm and always suits  
your changing moods. Grave or  
gay—classical favorites or rag-  
time operas—Wagner's strains or the latest music hall  
successes—you can have them all, or just what you wish  
of them. A variety of discs chosen by the purchaser go  
with each Box, and others may be had at trifling ex-  
pense whenever desired. The catalogue of music avail-  
able is practically unlimited, including the best known  
hymns and sacred melodies. We make everyone welcome  
who cares to come and hear our Stella and Regina Boxes  
—or, if you cannot visit us in person, correspond—we  
will gladly send you full information by mail.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 Yonge Street

**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING**  
188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

**A Colloquy.**

"What's the matter with you?" asked  
Benson.  
"I've got dyspepsia," said Jensen.  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said Ben-  
son.  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," repeated  
Jensen, "what about them?"  
"They'll cure you."  
"Are you sure?" asked Jensen.  
"Certain," replied Benson.  
"Think Dodd's—what do you call 'em?"  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said Ben-  
son.  
"Think Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets would  
cure me?" asked Jensen.  
"No doubt about it. Finest things in  
the world for Dyspepsia," said Benson.  
"You don't say. Dodd's Dyspepsia  
Tablets?"  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."  
"What are they, anyhow?" asked Jen-  
son.  
"Pepsin, diastase, and sugar, princi-  
pally," said Benson.  
"No secret about 'em, eh?" said Jensen.  
"You know just what you're taking  
when you use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,"  
said Benson.  
"Ever try 'em?" asked Jensen.  
"What? Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?"  
exclaimed Benson.  
"Yes," said Jensen.  
"I should say I did," replied Benson.  
"What for?" asked Jensen.  
"Dyspepsia," said Benson.  
"I know, but what form of Dyspepsia?"  
"Oh, I had 'em all," said Benson. "In-  
digestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn,  
headache, poor appetite, nervousness, and  
all the rest of 'em."  
"And did you cure all that by Dodd's  
Dyspepsia Tablets?" asked Jensen.  
"By Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, only,"  
replied Benson.  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets must be all  
right," said Jensen.  
"If you've got Dyspepsia, you want to  
try 'em—try 'em, that's all," said Benson.  
"Yes, I will," said Jensen.


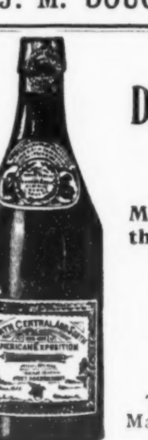
**A USEFUL RECIPE.**

An expert chef sends the following  
recipe for preparing Chocolat-Menier:  
For each cup wanted break into small  
pieces one of the six tablets into which  
every half-pound package of "Chocolat-  
Menier" is divided. Place it in a sauce-  
pan and add sufficient boiling water to  
reduce the Chocolate to a smooth paste by  
stirring it constantly over a brisk fire.  
When thoroughly dissolved add a cup of  
unboiled milk, either cold or warm, and  
boil for about four minutes. Serve hot  
and you will have a cup of perfect choco-  
late.  
At Delmonico's in New York, Chocolat-  
Menier is the chocolate used, and it is the  
same at the best restaurants and cafes in  
all the capitals of the world.

**NEVER CHANGES**  
THE UNIFORM HIGH QUALITY OF  
**LUDELLA**  
CEYLON TEA  
Is strictly maintained. Do you use it?  
Lead packages. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

**Things Which Excel Are Imitated!**  
THE NUMEROUS IMITATIONS OF  
**LEA & PERRIN'S**  
**Worcestershire Sauce**  
prove its superiority. Don't let these fakirs deceive you.

**J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Canada**



**THE  
DOMINION BREWERY CO.**  
LIMITED  
**BREWERS AND MALSTERS**  
Manufacturers of  
the Celebrated  
**WHITE LABEL  
JUBILEE and  
INDIA PALE... ALES**

The above brands are the genuine extract of  
Malt and Hops.

**The End of the Century Remedy for the End of the Century Disease.**


**DR HOPE'S**

**TINY  
ABLETS  
FOR  
IRED  
NERVES**

This Great Remedy has until now  
been obtained only by the wealthy  
patients of an eminent Nerve Special-  
ist. A scientific treatment for Nervous  
Exhaustion and its allied evils,  
Headache, Dizziness, Weariness, Sleep-  
lessness, Indigestion, Mental Depres-  
sion, Irritability, etc. Tiny Tablets  
will positively cure NERVOUS PROS-  
TRATION and loss of Physical and  
Mental vigor. At Druggists for 50  
cents, or by Mail from The Dr. Hope  
Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

**A Tiny Dose—Positive Results.**

Mrs. McGorry—Oh never was so fright-  
ened in all my life! Sure, the car-r-  
r-missed me less than six inches. Mc-  
Gorry—Av yez hod gone a step farther  
the children wud hod had a step-mother.  
—Life.  
"Would you advise me to read Richard  
Carvell?" the fair young girl looked up and  
asked him. "Not yet," he gravely re-  
plied; "always wait until a book has  
been on the market for a full year and a  
half before you read it." A little later he  
murmured softly to himself: "By that  
time I may be able to get her a copy for  
fifteen cents." For, in addition to giving  
sage advice, he was not averse to turn-  
ing an honest penny.—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing  
Syrup has been used by mothers for their  
children while teething. Are you disturbed at  
night and broken of your rest by a sick child  
suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth?  
If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.  
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teeth-  
ing. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve  
the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend  
upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it.  
It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and  
bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, re-  
duces inflammation, and gives tone and energy  
to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soo-  
thing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant  
to the taste and the prescription of one of the  
oldest and best female physicians and nurses  
in the United States, and is for sale by all drug-  
gists throughout the world. Price twenty-five  
cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs.  
Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

**ATKINSON'S  
PARISIAN TOOTH PASTE.**  
CLEANSES THE TEETH.  
WHITENS THE GUMS AND IS PLEASANT TO USE.  
**IDENTIFICE PARISIENNE  
D'ATKINSON**

Pre-eminent  
for cleans-  
ing the  
**Teeth**  
Excels as a  
Disinfectant



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:  
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING  
Adelaide Street West - Toronto  
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office....) No. 1709  
(Editorial Rooms....)

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year ..... \$2 00  
Six Months ..... 1 00  
Three Months ..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 13] TORONTO, DEC. 9, 1899. [No. 4



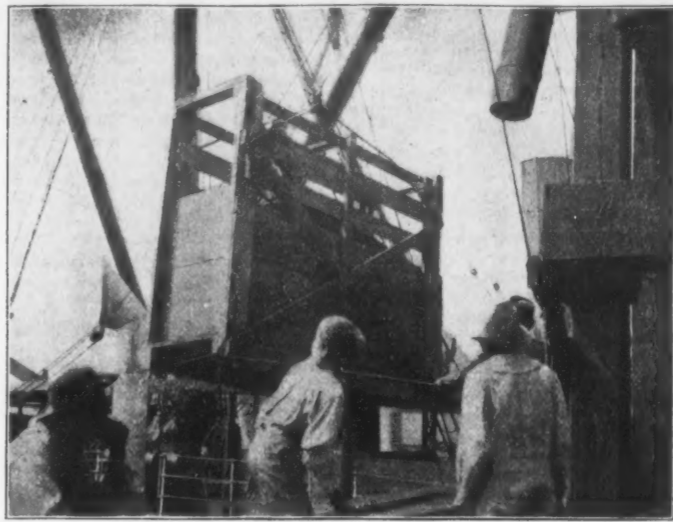
**T**HE Purple Lady, Sydney Rosenfeld's adaptation from the German, which was presented at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the week, proved to be a broad farce-comedy. There was a great deal of fun in it, but nothing particularly new. A young fellow about to be married had a gay life in Paris, rumors of which reached his mother-in-law-to-be, and she gives promise of trouble. The father-in-law-to-be is questions the young man, and he replies that he has had his fling, but "on meeting your daughter I drew a line cutting off my past." This entirely satisfies the father, who does not care to know anything about the young man's record. The men of the piece, old and young, are understood to be sad dogs, all but one who comes on the scene and is hustled in a way reminiscent of The Private Secretary. The ladies are prudish, screaming persons, all but the Purple Lady, who has a wealth of flaming red hair and not only a Past, but a Present. We expect little from a farce except cause for laughter, yet I think that in America we should be able to get enough to laugh at without importing from France and Germany that gray-haired old sinner whom we so often see on the stage eluding the vigilance of his wife and carrying on with "gaiety girls" and "purple ladies." He abounds only in farce-comedy—in real life he is very rare, almost unknown. The writers and adapters of farce-comedy would have us believe that nearly all well-dressed, gray-haired old men only wait for their wives to leave the room in order that they may make love to some giddy young thing. I confess to being very much bored by this class of farce-comedy, of which we see about a half-dozen examples each season in Toronto. These old fools are not amusing on the stage—their coltish antics comport badly with their gray hairs and surface respectability. Played over again and again, insisted upon, hammered in year after year, there are sure to be some who will come to accept this giddy old fool as a real type of prosperous elderly gentlemen. One of the enemies of the stage, so far as Canada is concerned, is the adapter who picks up, in France usually, some witty but indelicate farce-comedy, and straightaway adapts it for New York audiences, and so passes it on to us. The work of adaptation consists in little else than cutting out the impossible passages and giving the characters English instead of French names. It would be better for art and less injurious to morals if, instead of adaptations, we were regaled with expurgated translations. If we must see these plays let us understand that they come from France and are not even distorted views of our own society.

Pauline Moran, with her pickaninnies, gives a funny performance at Shea's this week, including the singing of coon songs and a ludicrous cake-walk. The performing dogs, baboons and monkeys of Prof. Macart are another novel feature of the show. John Kemell in monologue repeats the successes that have been won in this line of entertainment during past weeks, and several first-class "teams" complete a bill that is an extra good one.

The White Heather drew one of the largest houses of the season to the Toronto Opera House on Monday night. The production when seen here before made a very fine impression, and when it was learned that it would be played on this occasion by the same excellent company, with Rose Coghlan and John T. Sullivan playing the parts of Lady Janet McClintock and Lord Angus Cameron respectively, interest in the piece considerably in-



Loading Mules for South Africa—View from Steamer.  
LOADING MULES AT SOUTHPORT, NEW ORLEANS, INTO SS. MONTEZUMA, FOR USE OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.  
From photos supplied us by a Canadian abroad, Mr. W. H. Martin of New York.



Lowering Mules into Steamer.

creased. Without detracting from Rose Coghlan's performance in the least, I may say that she does not outshine Alice Fisher, who played the part last year. Perhaps there is no actress anywhere who could excel Miss Fisher as Lady Janet. John T. Sullivan, however, portrays the character of Lord Angus Cameron as it was not done last time, and again proves himself a sound actor.

Ben-Hur, which has been magnificently staged in New York, is a success as a spectacle. One of the critics writes as follows:

The truth of the matter is that Ben-Hur, as a play, is of very small account. None of the characters is especially interesting, not even Ben-Hur himself. Their words and actions are nearly always of secondary importance and arouse only the mildest sort of interest. There is not a single dramatic situation, properly speaking, in the whole fifteen tableaux, no scene where two well-developed characters come together with something vitally important to say to each other. Different ones come and go and the story goes on with them. At times there is an eloquent speech of the rhetorical kind, and at times there are speeches which grow very tiresome in the mouth of an old man, Simonides, who is allowed to comment garrulously on all that transpires. The book is not a play. It could not be made into one without being fundamentally altered and reconstructed. There is no need in asking the stage version of it to be anything different from what it is—a curious and magnificent spectacle—a triumph of theatrical devices.

The Cummings Stock Company tries this week to improve upon the slipshod work that has marred nearly all its performances during the present season. Clay M. Greene's romance, Forgiven, is presented this week, and Lester Loneragan and other new members of the company are noticeably earnest in their efforts to play their parts intelligently. The piece is very nicely staged.

Mr. Otis Skinner will undoubtedly draw large and fashionable audiences during his engagement at the Grand Opera House, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, with a Wednesday matinee, December 11, 12 and 13, in his new comedy in four acts, entitled The Liars, by Henry Arthur Jones, which was originally produced at the Criterion Theater, London, by Mr. Charles Wyndham and achieved the greatest success of recent years. The entire production as given in New York will be seen here. The scenes of the play are laid in England, and its characters are all members of English aristocracy. A thoughtless, frivolous, fascinating and selfish woman, weak of head and hard of heart, is married to an honorable but rough and masterful man, her very opposite in tastes and disposition. To amuse herself, for the mere fun of the thing, she has carried on a flirtation with a gallant soldier, a hero of African exploration, who has taken her very seriously and encouraged a passion which threatens wreck to both himself and her. Warned by her sister and others of the danger she is running, she attempts to dismiss her lover, but he is no longer under control, and finally persuades her to grant him a farewell meeting in a river side hotel. There she is surprised by her husband's brother, and realizing at last the peril of her position, she implores her sister and her most intimate friends to back her up in the rather flimsy lie which she has invented to disarm her husband's righteous wrath. The conspirators, in a capital scene with a very strong ending, involve themselves in all sorts of hopeless contradictions, and in the end the erring wife, with her lover and her husband at the point of personal encounter, does what she ought to have done at first, and calls upon the former to make a clean breast of it. This he proceeds to do by declaring the lady's innocence and his own infatuation.

Hurly Burly, an extravaganza which kept New York laughing for an entire season, follows The White Heather at the Toronto Opera House as the second of a line of high class attractions which Mr. Small of that theater announces will continue from now on to the closing of the theater in May. Thirty-two people will be seen in the production here, and the engagement will serve to introduce the spectacular dancer, Mlle. Solaret, the young woman who was brought from St. Petersburg to America to dance after she had performed as a rival of Lila Fallier in Paris. The regular cast will be headed by Miss Sylvia Thorne, the singer who has been concerned in many New York productions, and the special features are to include the Casino Comedy Four, a quartette of singing comedians who gained their title from George Lederer's Casino, with which many Torontonians are familiar; Hart and Williams, travesty artists; Cook and Sonora, specialty performers; the Flood Brothers, acrobats; and the Misses Leslie and Fanchon, com-



CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA.

One of F. S. Coburn's illustrations to Christmas in French Canada, by Louis Frechette; George N. Morang & Co.

mediennes. Hurly Burly is said to be especially rich in musical numbers, among the original lyrics in the piece being The King's Musketeers, The Moonlight Serenade, Tyrlanney, King of Bohemia, and Popularity.

Pauline Hall will come to Shea's Theater next week for the first time in Toronto in vaudeville. For many years Miss Hall has been a comic opera favorite, and she will probably receive a welcome on her appearance next Monday night that never has been equalled in Shea's Theater. Miss Hall's voice is better than at any time during her career on the stage, and she has made the greatest hit of any opera star who has entered the vaudeville ranks. Keno, Welch & Melrose, acrobatic comedians, have one of the funniest acts in vaudeville. The Golden Trio are said to be excellent character delineators. Walter Deaves and his marionettes will make every person in the audience scream. Fields & Ward, rapid fire talkers; Smith, Doty & Coe, a new and up to date musical act; Caswell & Arnold, Duffy, Sawtelle & Duffy and the biograph, with a lot of war views, will make a bill that promises to excel anything Mr. Shea has offered in Toronto.

The recitals to be given by Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick in the Conservatory Music Hall this Saturday afternoon and evening (December 9) are being looked forward to with great interest by all people who give dramatic art the serious thought which it deserves. This is Mr. Southwick's first appearance before a Toronto audience, and a man who has won such high praise is worthy of a hearty reception. The North Abington (Mass.) Bulletin says of him: "It was a great lecture to be spoken of in ordinary terms, for it could not be made or delivered by an ordinary man. Mr. Southwick has solved the problem of Hamlet, and there is no need of discussing the problem further; and we had the great treat of hearing his powerful dramatic presentation of that solution. His lecture was better than any stage performance of the play. We heard it given by Davenport, with four stars to support him, and say the above unhesitatingly."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the famous pulpit orator, will reach Toronto to-day, and will preach in the Metropolitan church on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and deliver a lecture in Massey Music Hall on Monday evening at eight o'clock. The subject of the lecture will be The Science of Good Cheer. There are a great many people in Toronto who have for years been reading Dr. Talmage's published sermons, and these will be delighted with an opportunity to hear and see him in person. It may confidently be predicted that the service on Sunday at the Metropolitan and the lecture in Massey Hall will draw record crowds.

Andrew Mack, the romantic actor, has received many letters from Irishmen all over the country thanking him for consenting to give a benefit performance of The Last of the Robins in aid of the Parnell Fund. The performance, which is to take place at the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia early in the year, will be attended by prominent Irishmen from all parts of the country. Mr. Mack's new

play has already this year, it is said, made a fortune for the actor.

Miss Merron's new pastoral, The Dairy Farm, is well on its way to making a century at the Fourteenth Street Theater in New York. The play is said to greatly resemble Shore Acres in its freedom from affectation, and it is meeting with great success. The play will be seen here during New Year's week.

Enrico Corradini, the young Italian playwright, whose La Leonessa has made a furor in Florence, and has given promise of a revival of the heroic drama on the Italian stage, is writing a new play dealing with the life of Cain.

Modjeska will follow Otis Skinner at the Grand during the second half of next week.

Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels are at the Grand during the second half of the week.

### The Fable

Of the Experimental Parents Who Tinkered With the Two Boys.  
From The Philistine.



ONCE upon a time there was a married couple possessed of two boys named Joseph and Clarence. Joseph was much the older. His

parents brought him up on a Plan of their Own. They would not allow him to play with other boys for fear that he would soil his clothes and learn to be rude and boisterous.

So they kept him in the House and his Mother read to him about Little Rollo who never lied or cheated and who grew up to be a Bank President. She seemed to think that a Bank President was above reproach.

Little Joseph was kept away from the Public Schools and had to Play Games in the Garret with two Spindly Little Girls. He learned Tatting and the Herring Bone Stitch. When he was Ten Years of age he could play Rag-Time on the Piano. His Ears were translucent and his front Teeth showed like those of a Gray Squirrel.

The other Boys used to make Faces at him over the Back Fence and call him "Sl."

In Due Time he went to College, where he proved to be a Lobster. The Boys held him under the Pump the first night. When he walked the Campus they would whistle, I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard. He began to drink Manhattan Cocktails & Smoked Hemp cigarettes until he was Dotty. One Day he ran away with a Girl who waited on the Table at his Boarding House & his Parents Cast him Off. He now has charge of the Cloak Room at a Dairy Lunch.

Seeing that the Home training Experiment had been a Failure in the case of Joseph, the Parents decided to give Clar-

ence a Large Measure of Liberty, that he might become acquainted with the Snarles and Temptations of the World while he was Young and thus be prepared to sidestep the Pitfalls when he was Older. They sent him to the Public Schools. They allowed him to roam at large with other Kids and stay out Nights. They kept Liquor on the Side board.

Clarence stood in with the Tuffest Gang in town and thus became acquainted with the Snarles and Temptations of the World. He learned to Chew Tobacco and Spit thru his teeth, shoot Craps and rush the Car.

When his Father suggested that he enter some Business House & become a credit to the Family he growled like a Boston Terrier and told his Father to go Chase Himself.

At present he is working the Shells with a Circus.

### Notes from the Capital.

AMONG the many pretty gowns worn at the dinner-dance at Government House last week, the one that has been described as the prettiest was the gown worn by the hostess herself. It was white satin, with black chiffon put on in frills and ruffles, and blue chiffon, or gauze, fastened about the waist in a scarf, more pretty blue stuff showing amid the folds of the bodice, and pink roses clustering on one shoulder. Of course in the hair of the beautiful lady wearing this gown were diamonds—diamonds about her slender throat and diamonds sparkling in the corsage. The palm of beauty may be said to have been carried off by the handsome Countess, even though some of the younger girls among her guests looked very lovely. Little Miss Margaret Bell was one of these, a pretty picture in an Undine-like gown of white satin, veiled in green chiffon, with trailing flowers, or grasses, applied around the hem of the skirt; another was Miss Amy Ritchie, who wore blue. Mrs. Bob Fleming wore a splendid gown of black, with a tulle of jet spangles. Everybody speaks of how well Lady Minto is looking. The visit to England and the sea voyage have proved a good tonic. Lady Victoria Gray, who is quite a young girl, looks very sweet and nice in white at this dinner-dance. The women guests were naturally interested in what Mr. Mann, the new A.D.C., might be like. He is tall, and dark, and good-looking, so they think he will be satisfactory in the difficult position he has been called to fill. There is a rumor to the effect that Mr. Mann is only filling it temporarily until this cruel war is over and England gets back some of her gallant soldiers from Africa, when a man from the "Regular Army, Oh," will be sent to Government House, Ottawa.

The Earl and Countess of Minto went to Montreal last week for St. Andrew's Ball. The two aides went with them, and Lady Victoria Gray, who again wore white and was approved of by Montreal society.

The Women's Morning Music Club had one of the best concerts of the season last Thursday in Orme's Hall. The concert was under the supervision of Mr. Collier Grounds, who is one of Ottawa's leading musicians. He and his charming wife both contributed to the programme. Mrs. Grounds has a sweet and true mezzo-

soprano voice, and was the only vocalist on the programme. She sang six or eight times, and several of her selections were songs from that delightful writer of songs, Ethelbert Nevin.

There is no dearth of concerts in the Capital at present. Never was a season so prolific. One hears of new ones every day, and every evening there is music to be had somewhere for the payment of a small fee.

On Thursday evening of last week there was the Messiah, by the Choral Society, in the Russell theater, with Watkin Mills as one of the soloists. The Choral Society, in spite of the fact that oratorio is too much for a great many people, always have crowded houses. This year their concert was better patronized than ever. Watkin Mills proved a strong drawing card. Even those who own up to being bored by oratorio went to hear Watkin Mills, regretting all the time that it was not ballads he was singing. The next musical event of the near future is the concert of the Choral Society's great rival, the Ottawa Amateur Orchestral Society, which comes off on December 19. The orchestra, remarkably good for an amateur organization, is practicing, among other things for this concert, a fine march from Saint Saens' Henry VIII., a piece of music never before played in America, I believe. For vocalists, the Society have engaged Miss Ruby Cutter of Boston, a young soprano who at her first appearance last month at Carnegie Hall, New York, made a decidedly favorable impression on a metropolitan audience.

After Christmas there will be a drawing-room concert which promises to be both fashionable and musically good. Judge and Mrs. Gwynne have kindly consented to lend their pretty drawing-room, and Mr. Charles Edwin Harris, the Canadian impresario, has volunteered to attend to the making up of the programme.

His Excellency and Lady Minto are taking an immense interest in the formation of a District Branch for Ottawa and Eastern Ontario, of the British Red Cross Society. Cards bearing a Red Cross were sent out early in the week for a meeting at Government House, for the purpose of making further arrangements. The meeting took place on Thursday afternoon and was well attended. His Excellency personally addressed the meeting and explained the object of the society, which is—"to supply by voluntary aid those extra comforts, luxuries and appliances which lighten the lot of sick and wounded soldiers, and which lie beyond the lot of official organization." I quote from the letter sent out by the secretary of the Executive Committee, Mr. C. A. Elliot: "At the present state of public feeling no one will refuse to join this Red Cross Society. All are only too glad to be given a chance of helping in this philanthropic and national undertaking. The news that our own Regiment has been ordered to the front, and that not strangers but our own men may be in need of succor, is a still stronger incentive to do our share."

The news that was spread through the city on Monday that an Ottawa man in the Contingent had died early in the voyage, and been buried at sea, was sad to hear. Those who had never known the young man felt real sorrow, and to Mr. Deslauriers and his family sincere expressions of sympathy have come from every side.

Major General and Mrs. Hutton have been much out of Ottawa the last few weeks. The General has been on inspecting business, and Mrs. Hutton is the guest of Mrs. Kitson at Kingston. They are now in Toronto, having gone up on Thursday evening, and do not return to the Capital until Sunday night.

His Excellency also is a distinguished guest to Toronto this week. He is to do some unenviable commemorative of the brave fellows who fell in the North-West Rebellion of '85.

Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine had sent out cards for a tea on Thursday afternoon, but when the Red Cross cards came out from Government House Mrs. Lemoine postponed her tea until this Saturday afternoon. Invitations to Government House are very properly supposed to take precedence of any other, more especially in this case, when it was business more than pleasure, and business of a national character.

AMARYLLIS.

### Mr. Choate's Views of Scott.

THE Edinburgh address of Ambassador Choate at the Sir Walter Scott dinner, in response to the toast of Literature, will not appear as a state document, but it might very well take the place of a half a dozen official reports, says the New York World. It is equally admirable for its rhetoric, its diplomacy and its literary judgment in dealing with the merits of Sir Walter Scott as a writer and of the works of fiction which keep his memory living. Carlyle, who had a bad digestion and a bad temper, and who really believed that nothing was worth reading which he had not written, was quoted by Choate as saying that "if literature had no other task than to amuse indolent and languid men, why therein Scott was the perfection of literature." To this Mr. Choate replies that every now and then he himself is one of those indolent and languid men, and that he suspected he was in a great group of these men who believed it was one of the highest ends of literature to amuse and entertain mankind.

But admirable as Mr. Choate's address may have been, and the New York paper just quoted considers it admirable beyond measure, it was marred by a peculiar slip that has made considerable amusement in England. Mr. Choate in his literary address quoted the words, "Peace hath her victories" to "an American orator," apparently unaware that they belong to Milton. A writer in The Speaker says: "It is not surprising that Mr. Choate failed to give the orator's name, while it is very surprising that a cultivated man should make such a mistake."

## "Acrost the Contnint."

Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb  
Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.

XII.

VICTORIA, B.C., Nov. 23.

to the editor of the Saturday Night newspaper

DEAR SIR

well hear i be at the Coste on the land of vancover es fur es i kin git thout steppin in to the passifick oshen & i ges- this is the las leter i send you septin to let you no wen i git back to jinkins corners es i kalklate i be afore crimsis. i haint sure but wot this leter will hev to jump over a weak in yure noospapper, but i hopp nobuddy wont be harmed bout me bein in good helch and everwase al rite, but the lack is i diddnt



seam to hev no oppertoonty to rite this leter in time to ketch the male seole to git it to you in seasin.

Sense i rit you las time weeve bin travlin round all them mountins down in the boundry kentry and up by robsen, denver, slokan sitty, sanion & so ith and i hev saw more hills and bigger ones then i ever drempt that was on the face of the erth. the feler which gin this kentry the name of sea of mountins was bout rite & jes hit the nale on the hed. They dont reely seam to be much of brittish colubny on the ground you mite say tho these a fue plases in spots were they do sum farmin and growin of frute sech es oknogzin valey et settry & the chiney-men hes got littel ranchis mong the hills were they rase gardin truck ni to nelson rossland & them big towns. All the rest of the provints is up on end septin fer the lakes & rivers, its bilt fer seenery perposes i kalklate & if enybody wants to make a trip in the hollerday seasin were they kin feest there ise & inly thareselfs fer kinre helth then i haint no heshtashin in sayin brittish colubny is the very cheese for em. In the sumer it mus be jes like paradice to travel in this kentry spechilly on the steambotes we was on; which is fixt up



elegant so you mite spose you was in a pulman car. you kin tell how fast clas thay was wen i state that misses snodgrass went in rappers bout the nice bed-rooms and the clean linnen & tabel cloths and the cookin. She smole blantly at the feler thay was waitin at diner & ses yung man she ses, it is plane yure bin brung up in a good home were they node how to wash and cook & yure a rite down credit to yure muther. the feler diddnt say nothin but only smiled & gin the ole lady the program very polite so she could pick out wot she wood hev.

yes mistor edditer, this is a gran kentry and full of gold & prehis metells and so ith, but i was mindud moren once of the him thay sing in the methdis meetin house at the corners bout every prospick pleeses and only man is vile, for thay haint no dout bout it thase a feerful lot of drinkin, gamblin, swarin and wickidnis goin on in ever town and camp, tho these lots of good fokes too or the biler wood bustid afore this. Fer insense thay was



a yung man cum up to me on the trane & he ses haint yure name Mister Jinkins i

reckernise you from your pickter, i ses yes i was the party. so he gin me his card & we hed a frenly chat. He was agoin on bisness to the same place i was. nex morn- in i met him agin at the trane but i harly node him. he was drunkern a owl with a seegar hanging outen one side his mouth & his hare all rumpled up but he node me and cum up stagarin & ses i haint bin to bed all nite, i bin playin black jack he ses and ime fore hundred dolers ahead of the game, ime a regular gamler he ses and i dont care fer nobuddy & putty soon he was lade out in the smoking-car sleepin jes like a log in a mill dam of wiskey, ime tole this yung feler was a quiet goin chap down east a fue years ago but he gits on gamlin spees like this ever wunts in a wile & dont stop til he most n gits the horers, thase lots like that out hear in the wile west jes kinder trubled es you mite say with fool on the brane.



Down in them noo boundry towns you kin git a idee of wot thay meen by a boom. Accordin to my ways of thinkin thase bout es much sense to sum of em es thay was in the conduct of that boom of logs that broke loose tuther day and cum tarin down the river at grand forks smashin everthing afore it. Some of them noo towns is built were thase gold mines all round em & thats all rite cus thayve got suthin to feed on & so you mite kalklate thale grow, but thase others that haint got no visibel meens of suport, it looks to me thare bldin em on wind, jes the blow of the boomin felers thet hes got lots to sell. putty ni ever chap you come acrost in sum parts hes a town site to put on to the markit & is gittin up a boom. ef it wusent agin my prinsipels i bleeve i coud git up a boom like that at jinkins corners wen i git home & make millins outen it. it oney needs tawkin and puffin & tellin ever-buddy thet the corners is bound to be bigger tonto and muntall & pay sum other slick felers to tawk same way & start tridin bldin lots with each other till the green fish startid to bite. Thats jis wot thare adoin at sum pints i coud menshin in the boundry kentry. Thase one place with a big boom goin on thet haint neer no mines ner farmes ner faktrys ner nothin else & yit fokes is rushin thare to by lots. Its jes a bubbel & thase nuthin fer it but to bust up.



Its a cawshin how jellis them noo towns is ef thay happen to be ni each uthar. take grand forks and Columbia fer insense, they dont speek es thay pass by. Wy mistr edditer, the fokes wunt go to church ef they bleeve the preacher favers tuther town in his hart moren thares, but es a ginrel thing the fokes in them parts dont go to church, enyhow thay haint got no time to waste. i wus to the Methdis meetin one Sandy in Greenwood, and the preacher sed he was agoin to preach a sarmin to boys and gals today, but he ses i dont see meny of em hear. i took a look all round and thay was jes fourteen presint. three of em was littel gals, but thay wusent a sollitry boy in the church. thay was down street playin or mabee thay was tendin sarvis in the bar-rooms or gamlin sloons, and yit Greenwood is bout es brite and sivilized a place es you kin git in that regin. the rale-ode is bilt now soe you kin git thare, but to go farder you got to take the stage fer it, & the rode is jes teribel fer mud, tho fortinly it haint mud of the rejiney or winpeg breed, it kin be got often yure close with labor ef you go at it rite.



We cum up by Revelstok and nex day we wus in Vancouver. it haint quite so big es Toronto, but its mane rode is ahed of anything you kin show down thare fer fine bldins. ime tole this bull place hes growed up in a fue years but its hard

fer me to bleeve it. enyhow ef it keeps on like this a fue yeers more it will be bout the size of cheicago. es fer Victoria it seams to be finisht and hung up the key but its a rite nice place i kin tell you. & ef i diddnt live in jinkins corners thay haint no place ide sooner stay in then Victoria.



Fair well.

But jes here i will brake of & say fare well til i git home. ille rite & let you no wen i arive. Misses snodgrass sens her best respicks thout me nain it so ille re-mane es before yure trueley

CALEB JINKINS.

## Climbing the Ladder.

THE clerk had made up his mind that he could not keep it up any longer—he was working too hard and it was necessary that he should speak plainly to "the old man," as the head of the firm was familiarly called. He discreetly waited for a prosperous day, put it off until "the old man" had returned from lunch, and then waited upon him in his private office.

"Well, what is it, Burns?"

"I should like to speak of myself," replied the clerk, "if you have five minutes to spare."

"If you have anything to say about yourself that can be considered to be in the nature of business," replied the old man, "I have five minutes to spare. If, however, you are merely introducing yourself as a subject with the idea of promoting conversation—" He stopped there, leaving the conclusion to be inferred, which was a habit he had acquired through conversing much with sharp business men whose minds were fleetier than his tongue.

"I'm working too hard," said Burns.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. The business has grown so much that I am now doing double the work that I used to do. I have not a minute, sir, really, I have not. I am on the keen jump all the time, and it's telling on me. I don't enjoy my meals; I can't sleep."

"What do you propose?" asked the old man. "Do you wish me to prescribe a patent medicine or to come around at night and rock you to sleep?"

Burns smiled sheepishly.

"No, sir," he said. "I thought you might increase my salary."

"You did, eh? Your logic is bad, Burns. You are working too hard, you say; you are kept on the keen jump; you can't eat; nor sleep—therefore you want more pay. What good will that do you? Will it make you jump better, eat better, sleep better?"

"Well, I think I'm worth more to you than I get."

"Stick to one point," said the old man. "You say you are kept on the keen jump. You begin at nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And quit at five?"

"Yes."

"You have an hour at noon?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you bring your lunch? If you brought your lunch you could eat it in fifteen minutes, and the three-quarters of an hour that you would save would enable you to get ahead of your work—your jumps all afternoon would not need to be so keen. Do you see? In your own interest and to save your constitution why don't you do it? You write with your right hand, do you not?"

"I do," admitted Burns.

"Precisely. Well, if you went on writing with your right hand and picked up your sandwiches with your left, you need not stop at all for lunch."

"You are making fun of me, sir," said Burns.

"Not a bit of it. Where a human life is at stake, I am full of resource, that is all. Something must be done to save you from the keen jump—there's no use raising your salary, that is evident."

"I think I earn more than I get."

"Well, if you didn't, why should I keep you? You are an investment, and I expect a profit. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"And I pay you eleven dollars a week! It is preposterous! How much do you suppose I get per week at your age?"

Burns declined to guess.

"Three dollars, and I boarded myself and went to night school. That's what I got. You are an extremely fortunate young man, Burns—extremely so—and it is a pity if you are in a decline, a vast pity. You never speak of your father—I presume your parents died young. Hereafter I shall require a pedigree and a health-bill with new clerks, and guard against invalids. Don't you think that would be a very wise precaution, Burns? Do you know," he said, changing his manner, "I cleared \$730 on two deals this morning. I'm something of a keen jumper myself. Get back to your desk and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Burnsey, did you brace the old man?" asked a fellow-clerk.

"Yep."

"How did it go?"

"Bully. He gave me the same old song and dance—you know—guyed me, roasted me and had a deuce of a time all to himself, but I stood pat and let him work it all off. Then he said he'd let me know."

"You'll get a raise."

"Sure. He told me—don't you say anything about it—that he'd made \$730 on two deals this morning."



F. H. TORRINGTON, CONDUCTOR FESTIVAL CHORUS.

From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

"He coughed that up to you? My boy, he's raised you to fifteen a week sure. I knew he'd made a killing this a.m. Remember, now, it's my turn to brace him next hog-killing."

And they resumed the toll that engrossed their sweet young lives, while inside the old man dictated letters at the rate of one to two minutes to a stenographer who, whenever he paused to consult his letter-file, made a face at Burnsey through the glass partition.

And so prosperous tyrants oppress worthy young people, not only in Toronto, but in all the large cities of the modern world.

MACK.

## Kate Field and Dickens.

ON New Year's eve, 1888, Miss Field heard Dickens read David Copperfield at Steinway Hall in New York, and in this connection she records a charming incident in her diary, from which many interesting extracts are made in her biography just published. She had not yet met Dickens personally, but being a great admirer, she decided to present him a basket of violets. On a card fastened to the handle she wrote: "Wishing Mr. Dickens 'A Happy New Year' in America. 'God bless him'—every one." Here is her account of what happened that evening:

"I had no sooner entered the building than Mr. Dolby came to me, saying: 'I've a message for you from Dickens.'"

"Indeed! Pray, what can it be?"

"I asked him whether he saw you in the audience, to which he replied: 'See her? Yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had.'"

"Of course I was surprised to hear that Mr. Dickens had noticed a person whom he did not know and could not have ever heard of; but without confessing as much I answered: 'And I have something for Mr. Dickens.'"

"Really?"

"Yes, I've a little nameless basket of violets that I want to have placed on his desk unknown to him. Won't you please see that this is done?" Mr. Dolby hesitated; he thought it was too late for anything to go upon the platform; that it would be better to carry the basket directly to Mr. Dickens, and, moreover, tell him whom it came from, as he would be infinitely more pleased to know the

giver. After much demurring, I allowed Mr. Dolby to have his own way, and Griswold and I took our seats—on the left side, two from the front."

"Great was her horror when, the gas being all on and the reading about to begin, she saw a man mount the platform and deposit her basket on the desk, letting the card fall in front, so that those on the front seat could read it:

"I felt as if the eyes of Europe were upon me, and was quite ready to go through the floor. Then out came Mr. Dickens, smiling profusely, and when he reached the desk what did he do but pat the basket as if to assure me that it was all right, and give a pleasant nod to Dolby behind the screen, as if to say, 'I hope Miss Field is pleased with my way of receiving her flowers.' Then he read David Copperfield finely, and at the conclusion of part one he bore off the violets."

"At the close of the readings he addressed the audience thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, from my heart of hearts I wish you a happy, happy New Year."

"My flowers did that," I said to Griswold. "It is the first speech he has made in America." I came home in great glee."

## It Came Back on Him.

THE faculty of terse and forceful speech is ordinarily an advantage, but occasionally a man gets hoisted by his own epigram. A hustling young New Yorker, who was recently established in a branch of the oil business, had set out to get the patronage of a certain firm. The head of the concern was reluctant to make a change.

"The oil we have been getting has not been unsatisfactory," said he, "and I fail to see why we should make a change. Are there any extra inducements you can offer? How do you propose to improve on the old quality?"

"In this way," was the prompt answer.

"I propose to give the business my personal attention. I intend to put some of my brains into every barrel of oil we send out."

The rejoinder pleased the old gentleman, and he became a customer.

A few months later the hustling young man was obliged to make a journey, and in his absence, through some oversight, the quality of oil was allowed to deteriorate. It was quickly noted, and a letter



Norah—An' for why do you wear that band on your arrium?

Policeman—To show I'm on duty on the beat.

Norah—Sure, an' I thought it was becase ye'd not be knowin' yer right arrium om yer left!

now on file in the office records one of the protests. It reads:

"Gentlemen: When we were induced to use your product, we were assured that Mr. Blank put some of his brains into every barrel of oil. We deeply regret to observe that Mr. Blank is threatened with paresis."—Washington Star.

## The Sky Pilot.

RALPH CONNOR, whose story, Black Rock, received so hearty a welcome, has just published, through the Westminster Press, Toronto, another volume entitled The Sky Pilot, a Tale of the Foothills. It is a story of ranch life in Alberta, within the shadow of the Rockies. This volume again calls attention to Ralph Connor as a man who must be reckoned with when we are discussing Canadian writers. There is about any story he tells a directness and a simplicity that is refreshing. His style is the most natural imaginable, and he appears never to use words for decorative purposes. If he is smart it is an inevitable smartness and not a result of laborious phrase-making. Too many writers of the day study the *bizarre* use of vocabulary, and hide surprises at the tail-end of sentences. Those who can pound out epigrams work like black-smiths, and as you read, the grime and iron-dust through which the pages have passed are daubed all over them and distract your attention. "Here," you say, "the author tried to be very smart. He stood this sentence up on end to astonish me." We are, perhaps, getting a little too much smartness in our stories, and sometimes as you read you inwardly rebel against it all as cheap and insincere.

It is the entire absence of all posing that gives Ralph Connor's style a charm. His style is thrown into relief by the exaggerated attempts at brilliance that mar the work of so many writers.

The Sky Pilot is the story of the influence exerted by a young missionary on a cowboy community. The special gift of Ralph Connor is to treat such a theme as this in a way acceptable alike to every manly reader, whether clergyman or cowboy. He writes this story without once being tempted to preach. The average story of the kind is so weighted down with pious admonitions and instructive reflections that only the pious man can read it through—although the misguided author hoped to interest and instruct the wicked. Ralph Connor tells his story in such a way that all will read it.

How the preacher came to Swan Creek, was dubbed The Sky Pilot, gradually won the confidence of the cattlemen; how Broncho Bill raised funds to build a "gospel factory," as he called it, or a church, as the Pilot called it, can only be learned by reading the story. But here we will give an extract that shows the quality of the book. It seems that the first attempt to throw on style at a funeral resulted in a regrettable occurrence:

In the old times a funeral was regarded in the Swan Creek country as a kind of solemn festivity. In those days, for the most part, men died in their boots and were planted with much honor and royal libation. There was often neither shroud nor coffin, and in the far West many a poor fellow lies as he fell, wrapped in his own or his comrade's blanket.

It was the manager of the X L Company's ranch that introduced crape. The occasion was the funeral of one of the ranch cow-boys, killed by his bronco, but when the pall-bearers and mourners appeared with bands and streamers of crape, this was voted by the majority as "too gay." That circumstance alone was sufficient to render that funeral famous, but it was remembered, too, as having shocked the proprieties in another and more serious manner. No one would be so narrow-minded as to object to the custom of the return procession falling into a series of horse-races of the wildest description, and ending up at Latour's in a general riot. But to race with the corpse was considered bad form. The "corpse-driver," as he was called, could hardly be blamed on this occasion. His acknowledged place was at the head of the procession, and it was a point of honor that that place should be retained. The fault clearly lay with the driver of the X L ranch sleigh, containing the mourners (an innovation, by the way), who felt aggrieved that Hi Kendal, driving the Ashley team with the pall-bearers (another innovation), should be given the place of honor next the corpse. The X L driver wanted to know what, in the name of all that was black and blue, the Ashley Ranch had to do with the funeral? Whose was that corpse, anyway? Didn't it belong to the X L ranch? Hi, on the other hand, contended that the corpse was in charge of the pall-bearers. "It was their duty to see it right to the grave, and if they were not on hand, how was it going to get there? They didn't expect it would git up and get there by itself, did they? Hi didn't want no blanked mourners foolin' round that corp till it was properly planted; after that they might git in their work." But the X L driver could not accept this view, and at the first opportunity slipped past Hi and his pall-bearers and took the place next the sleigh that carried the coffin. It is possible that Hi might have borne with this affront and loss of position with even mind, but the jeering remarks of the mourners as they slid past triumphantly could not be endured, and the next moment the three teams were abreast in a race as for dear life. The corpse-driver, having the advantage of the beaten track, soon left the other two behind running neck and neck for second place, which was captured finally by Hi and maintained to the grave side, in spite of many attempts on the part of the X L's. The whole proceeding, however, was considered quite improper, and at Latour's, that night, after full and bibulous discussion, it was agreed that the corpse-driver fairly distributed the blame. "For his part," he said, "he knew he hadn't ought to make no corp git any such move on, but he wasn't goin' to see that there corp take second place at his own funeral. Not if he could help it. And as for the others, he thought that the pall-bearers had a blanked sight more to do with the plantin' than them giddy mourners."

Sunday school teacher—I read in the paper of some naughty boys who cut off a cat's tail. Can any of you tell me why it is wrong to do such a thing? Willie—'Cause the Bible says, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—Ed.

Artist—My next picture at the Academy will be entitled Driven to Drink. His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a water-trough.

—Tit-Bits.

## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**  
New York, Southampton (London), Bremen  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 10, 10 a.m.  
Saskia, Tuesday, Jan. 9, 10 a.m.  
Trave, Tuesday, Jan. 16, 10 a.m.

New York—Bremen  
Stuttgart, Tuesday, Dec. 19, 10 a.m.  
Rhein, Thursday, Dec. 28, 10 a.m.

**MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GER. LLOYD**  
HAMBURG AM. LINES

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gibral.	Naples	Genoa.
Kaiser Wm. II. Dec. 16	Dec. 24	Dec. 27	Dec. 28
Werra, Dec. 16	Dec. 24	Dec. 27	Dec. 28
F. Bismarck, Jan. 3	Jan. 12	Jan. 15	Jan. 16
Columbia, Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Werra, Jan. 20	Jan. 28	Jan. 31	Feb. 1
Kaiser Wm. II. Jan. 27	Feb. 4	Feb. 7	Feb. 8
Werra, Feb. 3	Feb. 12	Feb. 15	Feb. 16
F. Bismarck, Feb. 10	Feb. 19	Feb. 22	Feb. 23
Alber, Feb. 17	Feb. 26	Feb. 29	Mar. 1
Werra, Feb. 24	Mar. 3	Mar. 6	Mar. 7

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gibral.	Genoa.	Alexandria.
F. Bismarck, Jan. 3	Jan. 12	Jan. 15	Jan. 16
Columbia, Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Kaiser Wm. II. Feb. 3	Feb. 12	Feb. 15	Feb. 16

**ORIENTAL CRUISE**—S. S. Auguste Victoria will leave New York Jan. 23, calling at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. Duration of cruise, 67 days. Special pamphlets on application. Ask for beautifully illustrated books on Mediterranean.

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

**AMERICAN LINE**  
Fast Express Service  
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON  
Calling Westbound at Cherbourg  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Dec. 6 | New York, Jan. 3  
St. Louis, Dec. 13 | St. Paul, Jan. 10  
St. Paul, Dec. 20 | New York, Jan. 17

**RED STAR LINE**  
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS  
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.  
Noordland, Dec. 13 | Southwark, Dec. 20  
Friesland, Dec. 27 | Westernland, Dec. 27

"These steamers carry cabin and third class passengers at low rates."  
**International Navigation Company**  
73 Broadway, cor. Rector Street  
Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

**STEAMSHIPS**  
To Southampton—For London  
LIVERPOOL  
HAMBURG—BREMEN—FOR GERMANY  
CHERBOURG—HAVRE—FOR PARIS and the RHINE  
and ANTWERP

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
Steamship Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

**The New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Co.**  
For Havana, Mexico,  
Nassau, Santiago  
Sailings weekly.  
**R. M. MELVILLE**  
Can. Pass. Agent  
40 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

## Anecdotal.

A Georgia negro, who has already thought of Christmas, has written as follows to his employer: "Marse Tom, ef you gwine ter gimme Chris'mus gif dis Chris'mus I wish you please shun me a overcoat. Marse Tom, ef I had one er dese overcoats which reach ter de groun' I'd go ter preachin' fo' sundown!"

Talking about the social and other demands made upon prosperous people, Mrs. Russell Sage says that she recently questioned her physician about the illness of Mrs. H. "I understand that she has nervous prostration," said Mrs. Sage. "No, madam," replied the doctor, "she has nervous prosperity, and that's what ails half the society women of the day."

Sunday School Superintendent (pointing a moral)—Yes, scholars, the great thing is to know one's duty, and then do it. Admiral Dewey knew his duty when he entered Manila Bay and saw the Spanish ships, and the world has seen how nobly he performed it. Now, children, what is our duty in this bright holiday season? How may we emulate the great Admiral? What should we do when we see about us

**Wm. Tyrrell & Co.**  
Booksellers  
Stationers  
and Engravers  
8 King Street W.

## Christmas Gift Books

Books are the only things that live forever.

Our Holiday Exhibit of Books will attract all lovers of literature.

Of all the things you could buy for Holiday Gifts none will meet with heartier reception and appreciation at the hands of young or old than a few choice books.

Many beautiful and exclusive things in Calendar and Art Cards—imported at the latest hour.

**WM. TYRRELL & CO.**  
"THE BOOKSHOP"  
8 KING STREET WEST

## IF THE NAME Lyonde

is on your photograph your friends WILL KNOW you patronize the

## Leading Photographer

## Notice

Every order placed before the 18th December will be delivered before Christmas

## Without Fail.

The finest frames on earth at

## Half Price

**FREDERICK LYONDE**  
101 King St. West

the poor, the sick, and the suffering? Small Boy Class (in concert)—"Lick 'em!"

A little girl in Orillia was being bantered by her uncle at the dinner table. "What do we call the meat of the cow when it is put on the table?" he asked. She did not know. So with the pig, the sheep, the deer—she did not know and humbly accepted instruction on these points. She fell into silence for some time, and having thought the matter over, evidently came to a phase of the question more puzzling than any, for turning to her uncle she asked: "Well, uncle, what is liver when it's alive?"

A good joke which Congressman John Allen of Mississippi sprang on himself recently might well be applied to E. A. Macdonald of Toronto, with whom candidacy for the mayoralty seems to have become a life-habit. Allen told of visiting his old home, where he met one of the old family servants. "Lawdy, Mars' John, I've glad to see ye," said one old negress, "an' so glad to know dat you're still got yer same old posishun." "What's that?" asked Mr. Allen. "Why, runnin' fur office, o' cose."

General Joubert, when he was in New York City a few years ago as the guest of Henry George, told with modesty (says the Sun) of his negotiations with the British at Majuba Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief. "It does not comport with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms." To which said Joubert, pointing to his rifleman: "And it does not comport with those to offer any others."

The story goes that one of those men who try to gain a footing in literature by writing illustrated articles about men who are worth writing about, not long ago wrote to one of the leading editors in Canada, to say that he was preparing an article about him, and desiring to know whether the editor had any objections to having it stated in the article that he had begun life as clerk in a store. To this the editor made prompt and brief reply: "DEAR SIR,—You are at perfect liberty to write about me whatever you may think best suited to your purpose. I am, faithfully yours,

At a meeting of an autograph society, composed of young women, in Chicago, one particular celebrity who had remained obdurate to all requests for his signature was almost unanimously voted to be a "mean old thing." The one girl who had not concurred in the general condemnation asserted that the others did not know how to manage this particular lion. "I'll show you," she declared, and forthwith wrote and mailed to the celebrity a request composed of only two words. They were "Autograph, please." At the next regular meeting the girl appeared triumphantly waving a sheet of letter-paper over her head. It was the reply of the celebrity. He seemed reproachful. All he wrote was: "You must be pressed for time," with his signature following.

A professor of Invertebrate zoology, wishing to procure some trichinosis pork for purposes of experiment, went to his butcher and asked him if he ever got any measly pork. "Sometimes," the butcher cautiously answered; "but I always throw it away." "Well," said the professor, "the next time you have any, I wish you'd send me up some," meaning, of course, to his laboratory. The butcher, although somewhat taken aback, said that he would. Three weeks passed, when the professor, growing impatient, again visited the store. "Haven't you found any measly pork yet?" "Why, yes," said the butcher; "I sent up two pounds a week ago." A sickly grin broke over the professor's face. "Where did you send it?" "Why, to your house, of course," said the butcher.

Have you read Society Types by Mo-Ko (Lady Gay)?

## A New Book to Read.

Small Boys at School.

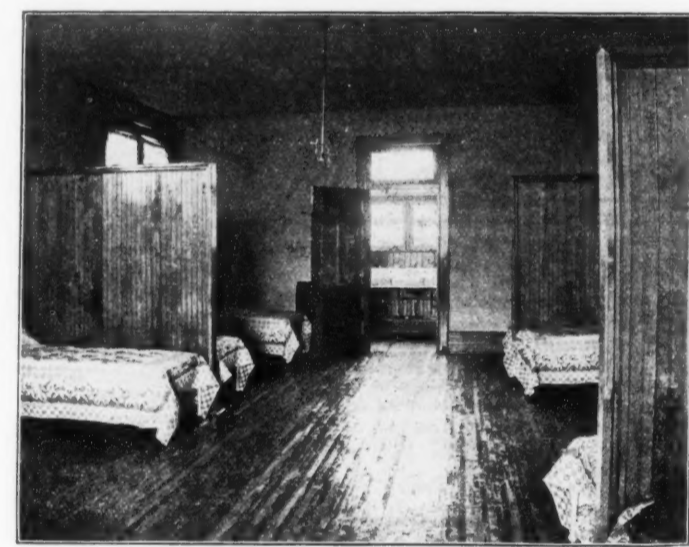
Modern Daughters, Alexander Black's book of talks with nice women and one nice man, the nice man says: "A man and a woman who meet occasionally are one thing, (I mean that they are two); whereas, if the same were married to each other, they would be quite another, that is to say, one. When they are one, they lose the charm, the entertainment, the stimulus of being two," and Black responds to the nice man's remark by only one word, "Rot!" But we know it is not rot, and that half of the marital mix-ups we know are the beginning of ennui, and more than half of the scandals are episodes of the same state of weariness. The only thing which can keep the ordinary man and



View of Junior Boys' School, Bishop Ridley Coll. ge.

woman comrades, when the illusions and inspiration of love-making are over, is a common interest. It may be material, it may be emotional, and it ought to be spiritual, but they must share it heartily. When they don't—behold a Thomas and a Jane Carlyle, a tortured pair, or a rupture and a dissolution of the ties which should have held them through life.

A vain woman resents her husband's calm acceptance of her charms; a vain man winces under the mild depreciation of a wife; each finds someone outside to meet the demand they make, or wrangles and jibes at the other at home. Again and again such a couple find their salvation over a cradle—a common interest. Very seldom does one see such alike interested and active. Once in a blue moon an artist woos and weds another artist; many a time the doctor marries the nurse or the woman doctor; often (do! a peaceful future) the curate marries the rector's daughter, and the two live and move in the narrow orbit of the parish. The



View of Dormitory.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sayings or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

FELIX—The force and impetus of youth, with a very ambitious and determined nature, are yours. The study has great buoyancy and enterprise, and is original, courageous and self-reliant. You are a bit too much governed by ap. evanescence, have an excellent opinion of yourself, and have also a tendency to over-look the frankness of expression sometimes not considerate. I should fancy your friends who saw much of you could find you a bit racy. If you very much wish the one person to adore you, contrive not to rob him



**SHINES OFFENS AVES**

**PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING**

**25c**

L. M. Packard & Co. Montreal. ALL COLORS BLACK, TAN, BROWN, ETC.

up and down stairs on business apparently not quite clear to those interested. The rattling of the small boy by the glances of some pretty lady, the advent of home faces, or the importance of simply being a small boy in residence, was shown in these erratic flights and scurries. But beyond the pleasant moment I felt myself exceedingly glad of the separate home which these small boys are enjoying, where they have their own masters and their own school mothers, their own playground and games, and no chance of being hazed into kingdom come by the big chaps in residence on the far side of the river, until they are old enough to take their own part.

The small illustrations which occur between these paragraphs show the boys' college home and a section of a dormitory, with each small boy's washing apparatus and affairs of tooth-powder, and so on, arranged beside his own particular washbowl. And we pretended to look for shaving-soap and razors and whisker-curriers and moustache-brilliantine, while the small boys chuckled and gurgled over the suggestion. The wooden screens between the little beds were groaned over by us, who know that they are a sad interruption to good pillow fights, and we were frankly adopted by the chubby boy for our comprehension of this matter.

"She dyes her hair, and she's only twenty." "Well, they say the good dye young, don't they?" "Her method of sitting down always makes me think of a hot bus backing to a carriage block!" "I might tell you a story about her?" "But that would be gossip!" "No, that would be history." "We have too much expression." My teacher says, "When you go to sleep unlock your face!"

"The other day I ran into one of those highly moral restaurants that have Biblical texts on the walls. There under a gorgeously lettered beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' was the brutal admonition in plain black and white, 'Keep your eye on your hat.'" "I tell you, life reminds me of those boxes built to hold circulars or free distribution periodicals, 'Take one.' But there is nothing inside!" "You are a constant incitement to the men who are in the race for fair. You pace the lover!" These are random cuttings from the bright new book quoted at the head of this column. LADY GAY.

De Faque—If I could get someone to invest a thousand in that scheme of mine, I could make some money. Crawford—How much could you make? "Why, a thousand."—Life.

## It's a Treat

Is what you will say, after a cup of "MONSOON"; there is no possibility of your being as well pleased with any other. See that You Get the Genuine. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound.

**MONSOON**  
INDO-CEYLON TEA

the wrong way. There's your work out out for you, my friend!

E. H. P. (Barrie).—Many fine impulses and good traits are in these lines revealed. Writer is neither logical nor acutely perceptive, but has a frank, generous and truthful nature. She can think original thoughts and do very fair work if she sets herself fairly at it. Some man-isms and maybe a touch of prejudice are visible. Writer is not a diplomat, nor yet very tactful, would have ambitions and good intelligence, and probably much purpose and constancy. Should cultivate reticence and concentration.

MARGARET MAPLEFARM.—Persons born in December before the twenty-second day have great directness of character and quick, sure perception. I think they mind their own business better and other folks' less than almost any other persons. You have the characteristic December faculty of keeping things to yourself, and also the wish to finish things off properly. You should turn out a good house keeper, and may have musical talent. You may profitably cultivate patience and forbearance. Everyone isn't as quick to grasp an idea or as prompt to act on it as you are. I am sure you are sympathetic, adaptable and truthful. 2. You have your natural disposition which you can modify or accentuate by your own thoughtful efforts. No doubt surroundings make the task difficult or easy, but never yield to environment or circumstances when they conflict with your attainment of a righteous end. Instead of weakening you, they will then strengthen you, and your victory will be a continual inspiration.

KATIE.—I have so nearly spent two holidays in your town that I almost feel as if I knew it well. Next summer, perhaps, I shall really see it. 2. What sign is it if you wear some of a bride's finery? Now you've got me, Katie! "Is a sign, without doubt, that the bride's a friend of yours, or she wouldn't try her hair on dress-o-you. 3. Your writing shows some susceptibility, rather an emotional nature, but practiced to the core. You are sweet-tempered, hopeful, loquacious and full of sympathetic feeling, love beauty and have good taste. Very little likelihood you'll be an old maid.

BENE.—There's a good deal of power lying about in this study. Writer is ambitious and tenacious, with caution to balance much impulsive action. Adaptable, generous and easy-going. There is a very masculine turn to this writing, not at all in harmony with the *nom de plume*. It shows a very pronounced and rather crude nature and a distrust which is more than caution.

BERKETT.—A very pleasant idea indeed, it gives me; you are bright and observant constant and independent, soft-hearted and sweet-tempered. Considerable ability and ingratiating ways are yours. You have some of the weaknesses of youth, but also most of its charms.

ASHES.—I cannot tell you the planet, but what you probably want to know is the Zodiacal sign under which you were born. Scorpio, the great serpent, is the sign which would rule on November 17. Its strength and power are enormous. I admire the Scorpio people immensely. 2. I used to enjoy Edna Lyall's books greatly—I fancy a Knight-Errant was my favorite. I also used to enjoy Augusta Evans Wilson's novels, but I don't believe I should now. Good reading is what inspires you, intensifies you, and broadens your knowledge and sympathies. Edna Lyall emphatically does the latter. I can quite remember how advanced she once seemed to me. 3. Your writing shows sympathy, sincerity, some humor, eleventh of disposition, good sequence of ideas, love of beauty and harmony. You are reasonably discreet, and altogether a pleasant sort of person, I fancy.

## Pick It Out for Xmas....

## STANLEY PIANO

can be bought on easy terms with small cash payment down and delivered immediately.

Our Warerooms  
11 Richmond West

have some choice styles for holiday demand, and prices are right. Out-of-town buyers can count on having thorough satisfaction when ordering.

Write for Catalogues.

**FIVE PACKS OF CARDS FREE**  
One pack "May I C. U. Home," one pack "Eccentric," one pack "Flirtation," one pack "Hold to Light," one pack "Our Sofa Just Holds Two." Samples of 50 other styles will book full of notions. Send for silver for postage.  
A. W. KINNEY, F. S. N.,  
Salem—Yarmouth, N. S.

## "IT JUST WASHES CLOTHES"

## EZE

The labor is a taken out of wash day when you use that new and efficient preparation—EZE Washing Compound. It whitens linens, softens flannels and brightens colors. Guaranteed positively harmless to hands or clothes.

## NO RUBBING

EZE MANUFACTURING CO. - 46 Front East  
ALL GROCERS, 5c. and 10c.

## AN UGLY FACE

From Pimples, &c. USE...

**Jeffrey's Compound**  
SULPHUR LOTION  
PREPARED BY  
**ANDREW JEFFREY**  
COR. YONGE & CARLTON, TORONTO.

## The Quick or the Dead?

Salt may be dead, and then it is worse than useless. Windsor Table Salt is all alive with power, with penetrating preserving influence—pure salt.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING GROCERS

The WINDSOR SALT CO. Limited  
Windsor, Ont.

## O'Keefe's Special Turn It Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL  
—NO DRUGS  
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.

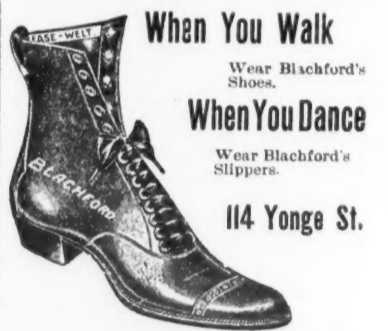
To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

## Specialties FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber and Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices. Send 2c. stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.  
P. O. Box 1142 Montreal.



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

**HOTEL DEL MONTE**  
PRESTON SPRINGS  
R. WALKER, Proprietor.

Grasping an Opportunity.

It was the last night of the Lathams' Christmas house party, to which, as we were all cousins (more or less), or friends from our cradles, it had not been necessary to invite Mrs. Grundy. I doubt if any girl could have had a better time than I. For three days we had "ramped and roared," like King Francis's lions, and this closing evening had been a fitting climax to our frolics. I was in exuberant spirits, and with good reason. My amber satin gown was, I well knew, a distinct cause for satisfaction. I had won, amid vociferous applause, a thirty-yard dash down the long hall; I had come in only second in an obstacle race around the drawing-room, besides gaining the terse commendation of our champion golfer for my masterly lofting of the ball into silver bon-bon dish set as a hole in the middle of a Persian-rug green.



"I was being carried."

But there was a stronger element that save rest to life that night. Theophilus Maxwell, known among us as Tosh—the long, the lazy, the clever—had for some time been losing the nonchalant ease of the old friend that I had known in him for years. In the last few days this peculiar change had been growing so rapidly that I knew it must culminate in something soon. He had skated, walked and driven with me, for the most part in a kind of surcharged silence. He had intrigued to take me in to dinner, and when he succeeded, had only the most inane remarks to contribute to the conversation. Tonight his eyes had just the expression of an Irish setter's, and followed me about in the same canine fashion.

To say that I had failed to understand these little manifestations, or that I was at any time oblivious of those eyes, would be to discredit my feminine discernment. Indeed, it was my intense consciousness of the whole situation that throughout the evening had urged me on like a restless imp to an absolutely reckless audacity.

We were all standing at the foot of the stairs, loath to break up the party, yet mindful of the morrow's early trains and of a lurking desire for our well earned beds. A warm discussion on physical strength was nearing an inconclusive close, and for the moment our hostess had the floor.

"And so," she wound up, convincingly, "it all goes to prove that men have degenerated fearfully. Yet only last week I was reading in a stupid novel of that same old scene where the fair maid faints or sprains her ankle (it's always one of the two), and the hero immediately picks her up like a caddy bag and carries her for miles—as if the weight of a full grown, healthy young woman was the merest trifle. Why, it's ridiculous!"

"Even if he'd pulled stroke on the 'varsity crew?' meekly enquired a small and civil youth, gazing at the well-set-up shoulders of our host.

"Or played center rush on a winning eleven?" ventured another, with a gen-

eral grin at Tosh Maxwell's stalwart proportions.

"Even so," I struck in loftily, in my best didactic style, "it is one thing to pull an oar when one is seated and has a leverage, and quite another to lift a heavy girl with nothing but one's arms. And as for football," I continued, with a withering glance, "the strength in a rush is only a spurt, anyhow, and then the next man takes it—nothing sustained. Mrs. Latham is perfectly right. Unless a man is a circus performer, it's an impossibility. It's one of those bygone fables like kissing under the mistletoe and such absurdities!"

I delivered this with what I considered telling effect, but as I looked complacently around upon my audience I became suddenly conscious of the most peculiar sensation. I felt myself gently but very firmly seized and lifted, and I realized I was being carried up stairs in a man's arms. It was Tosh Maxwell, who evidently thought that there is a time to act rather than to speak, and that the retort muscular was the most convincing. Up we went, I with the most tumultuous feelings—not of fear, for I felt perfectly safe, but of utter astonishment and protest. In one stroke my argument had been crushed and my dignity demolished. And in spite of my anger I had to hold on a little—just to keep my balance. I could feel his heart beating too—from the exertion, of course.

The stairs turned on a broad landing, and continued at an angle that hid from sight the hilarious group below. The shouts of laughter and cries of "Good for Tosh!" "Go it, old man!" "That's practical logic!" struck less loudly on our ears. The upper hall was dimly lighted, but I could see that we were heading for the bay-window at the end, where, over a wide cushioned seat, hung a branch of that privilege-conferring Christmas plant that I had just derided. Alas for the fate of both my loud and arrogant statements in such quick succession!

I have told Tosh since that it was very poor taste of him, and rank coercion besides, to treat me so cavalierly—not that I really objected, of course, but because I thought a little scolding would do him no harm. But he says I am a barbarian at heart, and the only way was to capture me by force and bear me off in face of all the tribe. And from this point of view he may be right. There was really nothing else for me to do after such a scene. And he won't hear of my living in an apartment; he says he must have stairs.—Katharine Perry in Harper's Monthly.

Have you read Society Types By Ko-ko (Lady Gay)?

The Tuneful Liar.

From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg.  
And back to Potchefstroom;  
From Swaziland to Pietersburg  
Is heard the burgher drum;  
From Wakker-tram to Ermelo,  
From Hoopstad to Dundee,  
They're marching down to Rustenburg,  
And up from Kimberlee.  
From Heidelberg, and Lydenburg,  
Johannesburg and all,  
From Standerton and Barbeton  
They answer to the call,  
And Ermelo is all agog,  
And Ventersdorp is wuss;  
And latest news from Haetnertsburg  
All indicates a fuss.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It Ain't Exactly Wot He Said."  
Punch.



Boy—You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Captain Brown?  
Captain Brown (indignantly)—Fight the English! What on earth put that into your head?  
Boy—Why, daddy said you were a horrid Boer!

Dreaded Diphtheria.

Its After Effects Frequently Shatter Strong Nerves.

Mr. A. McDougall Suffered for Years and His Doctor told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again—Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades," is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the *News* recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N.S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the *News* man, Mr. McDougall said: "I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken, for the effect was marvelous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health."

John Wesley's Moral Stature.  
NO man lived nearer the center than John Wesley. Neither Oliver nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life, writes Augustine Birrell in *Scribner's* for December. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction, he was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a laborer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived and moved and had his being.

I do not know whether I am likely to have among my readers anyone who has ever contested an English or Scottish county in a parliamentary election since household suffrage. If I have, that tired soul will know how severe is the strain of its three weeks, and how impossible it seemed at the end of the first week that you should be able to keep it going for another fortnight, and how when the last night arrived you felt that had the strife been accidentally prolonged another seven days you must have perished by the way side. Well, John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever harnessed a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times. Had he but preserved his scores at all the inns where he lodged, they would have made by themselves a history of prices. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant—though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of England—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1809, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheaters in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does.

Irving's New Play of Charles IX.  
The next important new dramatic production which Sir Henry Irving will take up after Sardou's *Robespierre*, upon his return to London, will be a romantic drama of the time of Charles IX. of France. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* thus describes it:  
"It is a very thrilling period of French history, and on the spectacular side the play will deal largely with the massacre of the Huguenots on the evening of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572. A vivid and lurid picture of this ghastly crime is given in the elder Dumas' *Marguerite de Valois*, from which a good deal of the color,

LABATT'S PORTER

Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

TRY THE  
**Toronto Brewing Co.'s**  
**Diamond**  
**Amber**  
**India Pale**  
**Extra Stout**  
**Half and Half**

BOTTLED  
ALL ALE AND  
PORTER

PURE  
SPARKLING  
MELLOW  
WHOLESOME  
DELICIOUS

All Dealers  
and Hotels  
have them

Bottled from  
Stock Brewings  
and in Finest  
Condition

"Famous Active" Range  
FOR COAL OR WOOD.

The product of 50 years experience. Made in six sizes and twenty-four styles. Thermometer in oven door, showing exact heat of oven, every cook will appreciate this.

Ventilated Oven, carrying all fumes from oven up the chimney.

Small door in oven door for basting, without cooling oven.

Stove bottom heavily cemented, insuring even baking, with very little fuel.

Extra heavy cast iron fire-bricks, that will not crack or crumble.

Duplex coal grates.

Large Hot Water Reservoir.

At a recent test this Range baked 212 Loaves in eight hours, with only one fire-pot of coal.

**The McClary M'f'g. Co.** LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.  
If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

atmosphere and characterization of the new play has been taken. The same subject, and indeed much the same set of characters, are, it will be remembered, used in Meyerbeer's opera, *Les Huguenots*.

"In the new play—though it is really not a new play, having lain dusty and neglected on Sir Henry's bookshelves for years, and only now been dug out and handed to Mr. Comyns Carr for revision—Sir Henry will himself appear as the treacherous and cold-blooded King Charles IX. This is a character which from its absolute indifference to the sacrifice of human life resembles not a little the time of Robespierre, but Charles was young, courageous to ferocity, and supremely cynical. Though Charles was only twenty-five at the time of his death, he was uncommonly old for his years, so that Sir Henry will not be obliged to affect the airs or habits of five-and-twenty. Miss Ellen Terry will, of course, assume the role of the beautiful Marguerite de Valois—*ma sœur Margot*, as Charles in occasional moments of tenderness called her—and among the other historical characters who will figure in the play will, we believe, be Henry of Navarre, the young Prince of Conde, the Duke of Guise, La Rochefoucauld, the venerable Admiral Coligny, and, of course, the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis."

**Enameline**  
THE MODERN  
STOVE POLISH  
PASTE, CAKE  
OR LIQUID

After using Enameline  
No Housekeeper will ever  
use any other Brand.

**J.L. Prescott & Co. New York**

**The California Limited**

Finest train west of Chicago.  
66 hours to Los Angeles, via Santa Fe Route.  
Pullmans, Dining Car, Buffet-Smoking Car (with barber shop, Observation Car (with ladies' parlor).  
Vestibuled and electric-lighted throughout.  
Four times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m., from Chicago.  
J. N. BASTEDO, Pass. Agt.  
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway  
63 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

**HUTCH TABLETS**

For dyspepsia and sour stomach possess a superiority over all other treatments in that they give relief instantly and cure permanently. Every parent knows how impatient a child becomes under the cruel infliction of illness, and these features, when Hutch is known not to produce harmful effects, will be appreciated. Headache and all stomach ailment are banished almost immediately. During this holiday time when the little one's mind and body are being built up for the long while until next vacation it is imperative that each child should be pain free. Hutch is equally valuable for old as well as young folk. The dose varies—the cure is invariable. Deliciously chocolate coated, Hutch is sealed in glass, thus its primary virtue is retained.

Ten Hutch Ten Cents. All druggists or by mail from the **WOODWARD MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED**, 11 Colborne Street, Toronto.

## Music.

MY remarks in last week's issue in reference to quack methods of vocal instruction, have called forth a very abusive letter from a correspondent signing himself a "Teacher of Singing." I regret to find, of course, that there should be any teacher in Toronto who should have reasons for applying these remarks to himself. My correspondent alleges that I am profoundly ignorant of the first principles of the up-to-date "methods" of the school that, he says, I sneer at as [the anatomical school of singing. That may be perfectly true, for I can frankly confess that I was unaware that there were any principles as the basis of the "methods" I condemned. I am perfectly willing to admit that many teachers may honestly believe in their efficacy. But judging from the revelations made to me by pupils who have been the victims of these methods, they appear to me not only to be excessively ridiculous, but extremely injurious to the voice. It may be prudent on the part of the advocates of the system of instruction referred to, to be temperate in its defence, as a publication of the description of the treatment to which certain pupils have been subjected might prove very embarrassing to these gentlemen.

The Toronto Ciel Club gave its annual "ladies' night" on Wednesday evening of last week at Webb's. There was a large attendance of the members and their lady friends, and a most entertaining social and musical reunion resulted. A very choice little programme of vocal and instrumental music was supplied by the members. The worthy president, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who was in excellent playing form, gave the Liszt piano transcription of Paganini's La Campanella with great brilliancy of execution; Miss Hart played Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp, and Chant Polonaise, with her accustomed artistic finish, and Mr. Welsman contributed Chopin's Scherzo in B minor most effectively. Miss Florence Marshall rendered Bach's Chromatic Fantasia with surprising technical facility. The vocalists were Messrs. Tandy and Sherlock, and Miss Huston, whose selections were highly appreciated, and Miss Perry. Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Hahn joined in the first movement of Godard's trio in F for piano, violin and cello. Mr. Hahn also gave a couple of solos with his usual success. The Ciel Club is well fulfilling its mission in promoting the creation of a bond of sympathy among the members of the teaching musical profession by their monthly and annual gatherings. The benefit of the movement has already been made apparent in many ways.

A local concert that attracted much interest was the recital given on Thursday of last week by Miss Maggie Huston, our popular mezzo-soprano, assisted by Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto, now of New York; Mr. George Fox, the talented Canadian violinist, and Miss Florence Marshall, solo pianist. The audience, although not completely filling Association Hall, was large, and decidedly sympathetic. Miss Huston's most successful effort was the beautiful Berceuse from Godard's Jocelyn, now quite a familiar number at our concerts in its various forms of vocal, violin and cello solos. She sang with all her old-time warmth of expression and displayed the quality of her voice to advantage. Miss Bonsall also distinguished herself by her effective rendering of Gounod's Quondo a te Lieta and other numbers. She was in excellent voice, and sang with great care and finish. Mr. George Fox gave a varied selection of solos, including a large extract from Bach's monumental Chaconne, in which his sonorous tone and command of double stopping were once more convincingly demonstrated. Miss Marshall, already mentioned elsewhere as one of our most brilliant and promising pianists, played Liszt's eighth Rhapsody and a couple of Chopin Studies, in which her extensive technical equipment and fine touch were strikingly in evidence. Mr. W. Hewlett accompanied with his usual judgment and skill.

The feature of the fifth military concert at the Massey Hall, apart from the playing of the 19th Battalion band and the patriotic songs by Messrs. Schuch, Ramsay and Courtice Brown, was the set of national dances with fancy flag drill by selected pupils of Morse street school, trained by Miss Edith Lelan. They also introduced Major F. E. Dixon's new song, We'll Fight for the Grand Old Flag, which made quite a hit. The dances were executed with ease and grace and the pupils were vociferously applauded and encored. At to-night's concert the St. Catharines band of the 19th Battalion will make its appearance. It has the reputation of being one of the best military bands in the country, so that it will be received with special interest.

At the first appearance of the Central Grand Concert Company, one of the events of the People's course, on Wednesday evening of last week in the Massey Hall, the chief interest centered in the singing of Mme. Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey, a soprano with a well cultivated and sympathetic voice, and altogether an accomplished singer. The audience had not expected an artist of her calibre, and were agreeably surprised by her rendering of the Jewel Song from Faust, which was a neat and true effort in vocalization. Other members of the company were Francis Walker, baritone, a satisfactory singer, with a voice of good quality and carrying power; Harry J. Fellows, a satisfactory tenor, and Harry B. Vincent, a capable pianist both in accompaniment and solo work.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth's reputation as an artist and teacher is so generally understood that there will be many to admit how thoroughly appropriate is the compliment paid to him by that really great pianist, Herr Friedheim, as follows: "The result is in this instance to me sur-

prising, especially considering the comparative shortness of time the pupils have been under your instruction. This is proof that not only is your method of piano instruction correct and artistic in itself, but that at the same time you understand fully the art of developing the pupil in accordance with his own individuality. Genuinely gifted and finely equipped teachers, my dear Forsyth, are much rarer than is generally supposed; accordingly, when one meets with such, one must always hail the event with joy, be he friend or foe. I congratulate you." By way of explanation it may be said that the above is a translation quoted from a letter which Mr. Forsyth received from Herr Friedheim last week, and the writer referred to the occasion of a private musicale given at Mr. Forsyth's home by two of his pupils at the Metropolitan School of Music—Miss Mary Woekey of Kingston, Jamaica, and Miss Gwendolyn Roberts of Toronto.

A very successful recital was given at the residence of Mr. A. B. B. Jury, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th, by vocal pupils of Mrs. A. B. Jury, assisted by Mr. Frank Fulton, a very talented young piano pupil of Mr. Jury, and the Bond street Quartette. The following pupils sang: Misses C. V. Wigle, E. Dodds, L. Kane, C. Andrews, A. Halls, C. Scott, L. McCullough, L. B. Stickle and Mrs. Laura Campbell-Briggs. The singing of these ladies showed careful work on the part of their teacher, and they gave a creditable rendering of the numbers allotted them. Mrs. Jury intends giving a number of these pleasant evenings during the season.

On Monday evening, December 11, at Bond street Congregational church, the choir, with Mrs. A. B. Jury as soprano soloist, and under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster, will give a concert, assisted by Mr. J. H. Cameron, elocutionist. Mr. Cameron is well known in Toronto, and will give some of his most pleasing numbers. The choir will sing a number of anthems, and Mrs. Jury will sing With Verdure Clad. A silver collection will be asked.

The choir of Central Presbyterian church, Grosvenor street, conducted by Mr. W. J. McNally, will hold a service of praise on Monday evening next assisted by Miss Marie Wheeler, soprano, Mr. Newsome, tenor, and Mr. Wenborne, baritone, and Misses Wegener and Snarr. The programme will include J. H. Maender's sacred cantata, Penitence, Pardon and Peace, and an arrangement by Kingsmill of Handel's celebrated Largo as an anthem for mixed voices.

Miss Mabel De Guerre, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, has recently been distinguishing herself in concert at Belleville. The *Daily Sun* of that town says: "Miss De Guerre has a beautiful voice, full of glowing color, tenderness of quality and dramatic vigor. She sings with a great deal of poetic technical cleverness." The *Daily Ontario* says: "It would be impossible to express too much praise of the singing of Miss De Guerre. She has completely captivated Belleville. Her voice, appearance and expression betoken great natural gifts and the best of culture." The *Intelligencer* says: "Her technique and method were well-nigh faultless."

The special cable despatches to the New York Herald voice the opinion of the London critics that Sir Arthur Sullivan, in his new opera, The Rose of Persia, shows all his old finish of form and spontaneity of melodic inspiration. The libretto by Captain Basil Hood is also pronounced to be a clever piece of work. The news will be welcomed by lovers of light opera, who were beginning to fear that Sir Arthur had exhausted his musical resources in this genre.

The favorite Italian basso, Mr. Watkin Mills, gave a song recital to a very large audience in Massey Hall on the evening of Friday, the 1st inst. He gave a delightful and varied programme, which included several old English songs, and numbers by Beethoven, Handel, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Monk Gould. His fine virile voice was heard to advantage in Beethoven's Doin, Great Apollo, which he interpreted with dignity and purity of style, Handel's ever welcome Raddler than the Cherry, and Mendelssohn's buffo song, I'm a Roamer. His rendering of the Two Grenadiers was technically good and legitimate in expression, but it was not so striking or dramatic as the interpretation of several other distinguished singers who have been heard in Toronto. Mr. Mills recognized the patriotic feeling of the community which the war has aroused so strongly, by contributing as an encore Rule Britannia, in the chorus of which the audience heartily joined. Other effective numbers in his selection were Monk Gould's descriptive song, The Ban-hee, Molloy's setting of the humorous song Richard of Taunton Dene and the Auld Plaid shawl. Mr. Mills was scarcely in as good voice as usual, especially in the first part of the concert. He is, however, so honest, manly and finished a singer, that he is always heard with pleasure. He was assisted by Mr. Henry S. Saunders, a solo violinist of sterling ability with a good round tone and excellent technique, and Miss Florence Marshall, our talented solo pianist, who played with remarkable brilliancy and power Liszt's Rhapsody No. 8, and three Chopin studies. Miss Marshall studied under Mr. Harry Field when he was resident in Toronto, and is, perhaps, his most accomplished pupil. It is said that there is a probability of Mr. Field returning to Canada. For the past few years he has been in Germany assisting Herr Krause in his teaching practice.

As the officers of the city regiments have already held that it is part of the duties of their bands to play wherever they are ordered by their bandmaster, under military permission, there is a prospect of the Union hands being dismissed or sent back to the ranks if the Union regulation is enforced. I am informed that the Union regulations in reference to the scale of charges for rehearsals for oratorio concerts are proving so inconvenient that Mr. Torrington may give his Christmas performance of the Messiah without the usual complement of wind, and may use the organ as a substitute. The Union believe honestly that they are acting justly and reasonably in the matter, and are determined to adhere to the stand they have taken. Whether they are right or wrong, the result for some time to come is likely to lead to a loss of engagements by our military musicians.

Classes in composition are being formed at the Toronto College of Music under Mr. Frank S. Welsman. The classes are open to all, whether students at this institution or not, the object being to encourage the development of native talent in musical composition. A cash prize of \$10 is offered for the best composition, which may take the form of a minuet, march or polonaise for piano, or an anthem, song or chorus, with piano or organ accompaniment, that may be deemed equivalent in point of merit to the above. A prize of \$25 is offered for the best composition for chorus and full orchestra. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Toronto College of Music.

Mrs. A. Moir Dow has been appointed soprano soloist of the Elm street Methodist church.

On Thursday evening last Miss Mary Nolan of the Toronto Conservatory of Music staff sang at the Baptist church, Lansdowne avenue, at a pictorial lecture on Paris by Rev. Mr. Dyke.

Reference has already been made in this department to the course for teachers which Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher pursues giving in Toronto next spring, and certain information concerning that course appears elsewhere in this issue. Those who desire evidence as to the merits of the Fletcher Music Method, simple and kindergarten, will find it in the fact of its being employed by such institutions as the Toronto Conservatory, Toronto College, Metropolitan School of Music, Junction College, Dominion College of Music, Montreal, Canadian College of Music, Ottawa, and the London and Hamilton Conservatories. Eminent musicians in England, Germany and the United States have endorsed the method in unqualified terms, but a complete list of these is far too long to be given here.

I have just received from the Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher's Association a copy of Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of Kipling's Absent-minded Beggar, which has at present a considerable vogue in England. It is needless to say that Sir Arthur has done his work well and attractively. I understand that the song will be introduced at the military concert at Massey Hall to-night (Saturday.)

An eminent firm of piano manufacturers in London received the following humorous letter from one of their customers: "What is this new normal pitch that I have been hearing about? If it makes the piano keep in tune longer, I wish you would supply me with one. Would a second-hand pitch do, though? I suppose that it is not expensive, and that it can be easily fixed to the old piano." CHERUBINO.

## Miss Evelyn de Latre Street

VIOLINIST  
Will take a limited number of advanced pupils.  
Address—21 Walmer Road.  
Telephone number—3239.

## MME. ELSA MACPHERSON

The Representative Canadian Piano Virtuosa  
(Gold Medalist)  
Graduated with high honors at the Leipzig Conservatory.  
CONCERTS, RECITALS, MUSICALES.  
Instruction: 50 Hazelton Avenue, St. Margaret's College, Metropolitan School of Music.

## MISS AMY ROBERTS JAFFRAY,

(Late of Chicago)  
MEZZO-SOPRANO  
Tone production and artistic singing. Concert engagements accepted. Studio, Nordheimer's. Reception hour 3 to 4, Thursdays. Address, 114 Bloor St. West. Phone 4426.

## MISS JAMES

PIANIST  
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Leipzig, and Mr. Harold Bauer, Paris.  
Is prepared to accept CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS and pupils.  
Apply by letter, care Messrs. Nordheimer.

## MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN

SINGING  
Specialist in training vocal students for the profession. Appointments made.  
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music or 4 Pembroke Street.

## FRIEDHEIM

"The concert grand Heintzman & Co. piano used in my recital in Toronto gave complete satisfaction. I found the tone massive in its sonority, and of very excellent quality, with a particularly limpid tone in its mezzo-tints. I had no idea so good a piano was manufactured in Canada."

You are thinking of a worthy Christmas gift for some one. What could be more worthy than one of these art pianos that have been endorsed and eulogized by the world's great artists?

## HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.

- 115-117 King Street West  
...TORONTO

## CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COLLEGE STREET.  
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director  
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities  
Offers Unequalled Facilities  
and Advantages for an Artistic and  
Finished Musical Education of  
THE HIGHEST STANDARD  
CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE.  
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION  
MAUD MASSON, Principal.  
Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture,  
Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature,  
Orthoepy, Psychology, Pedagogy.

## MR. RECHAB TANDY

TENOR  
Vocal Instructor Toronto Conservatory of Music. Teaching resumed Sept. 1st, '99. Oratorio and concert engagements accepted. Address Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

## MISS LOUISE TANDY

SOPRANO  
Associate Toronto Conservatory of Music  
Seven years' study under best European vocal masters. Pupil Royal Academy of Music and Guild Hall School of Music, London, Eng. Examinations passed under Sir Alexander Mackenzie and the late Sir Joseph Barbry. Miss Tandy has been appointed vocal teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where she receives pupils.

## J. D. A. TRIPP

Piano Virtuoso and Teacher  
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stevanoff and Leschetizky.  
Studio—2 College Street. Tel. 464.  
Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's College.

## MISS MARY E. NOLAN

Voice Culture and Vocal Music  
Pupil of the eminent teacher, Senor Manuel Garcia, and of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, with thirteen years' experience as church choir soloist and teacher of vocal music in New York City. At the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

## H. M. BLIGHT

TEACHER OF SINGING  
Choirmaster Parkdale Methodist Church. Conductor Victoria and Knox College Glee Clubs. Studio—Room 12 Richmond Chambers, 114 Richmond Street West.

## Master Bernie Rautenberg

336 ROBERT STREET  
'Canada's Greatest Boy Soprano'  
Soloist St. Mary Magdalene's Choir.  
OPEN FOR  
Church, Concert or Drawing-Room Engagements.

References permitted to the Rector of St. Mary Magdalene's.

## De Pachman

The Renowned  
Russian Pianist  
All communications regarding Canadian dates to be addressed to  
W. SPENCER JONES, Manager  
Brockville, Ont.

## VIOLIN LESSONS

J. W. BAUMANN  
Bishop Strachan School.  
Miss Veal's School.  
STUDIO  
AT NORDHEIMER'S.  
D. G. S. CONNERY, M.A.  
THE BRITISH ELOCUTIONIST  
Lecturer Normal School.  
Late Lecturer Queen's University.  
Pupils received. Engagements accepted.  
4 Rose Avenue, Toronto.

## Fletcher

SIMPLEX and KINDEGARTEN  
Music Method  
TEACHERS' COURSE  
Owing to many requests for the Course for Teachers in this method, Miss Fletcher—the originator and patentee, and who also gives the Teachers' Course—will conduct a class in Toronto during the spring of 1900, provided a sufficient number agree well in advance to begin study simultaneously. The method is employed by the Toronto, Hamilton and London conservatories, the Metropolitan School and the Toronto College of Music, and is endorsed by many of the most eminent musicians of Europe and America.  
Address: Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, 1125 Madison Ave., New York; or apply personally to Mr. E. L. Roberts, Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto.

## MISS MAY ROBSON

Graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, and Teacher of Vocal Expression at the Conservatory School of Elocution, will accept engagements as Reader and Literary Interpreter.  
For terms and other particulars apply to  
Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution.

## W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.

ORGANIST  
Lessons in Piano and Organ Playing, Harmony, etc.  
Address—6 Glen Road  
or Toronto College of Music.

## HYLLESTED

The piano used by August Hyllested, pianist to the Princess Louise, at his magnificent piano recitals in Toronto and elsewhere, was a new scale grand piano of Heintzman & Co., with which he expressed himself as greatly delighted.

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

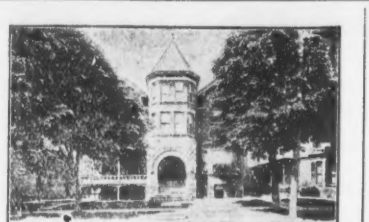
MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING



## TORONTO And School of Elocution

OF MUSIC  
Would you give your daughter a finished musical education? Then you will have her enrolled a pupil of this college.  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal School of Elocution  
NELLIE REHRMAN, Vice-Principal.  
1214 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

## SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal  
MISS NELLIE REHRMAN, Vice-Principal  
All experienced teachers with established reputation. Special classes in Dramatic Art, Oratory, Literature and Platform work. All form of expression thoroughly taught. Voice culture by an expert. Calendar Mailed Free.

## ADAM DOCKRAY

TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Oddfellows Building, Cor. Yonge and College Sts. Residence—79 Charles St.

## HUGH KENNEDY

Assistant (four years) to W. E. Haslam  
PREPARES SINGERS FOR CONCERT and CHURCH ENGAGEMENTS  
CHOIRMASTERS supplied with capable soloists of all voices.  
STUDIO AT NORDHEIMER'S. Reception Hour 2 to 3 daily.

## Miss Tessa MacCallum

ELOCUTIONIST  
(Graduate Empire Theater Dramatic School, New York.)  
Open for Concert Engagements  
Pupils accepted after September 7th, 1899.  
For terms address 65 Spadina Ave., Toronto (Telephone 3941), or Wm. Campbell, Manager, 25 Church Street, Toronto—Nordheimer's, McKinnon Building, Toronto (Telephone No. 59).

## MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer  
Vocal Instructor Loretto Abbey  
SINGING  
Studio at Residence—  
2 Elgin Avenue  
(Cor. Avenue Road).

## MRS. H. W. PARKER

A.T.C.M.  
SOPRANO  
Opera, Oratorio, Concerts and Recitals  
Soloist of New St. Andrew's Church and Instructor of Vocal Art at Toronto Conservatory of Music and Presbyterian Ladies' College. Address Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

## JOHN M. SHERLOCK

MASTER OF SINGING  
SOLO TENOR  
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

## MISS FLORENCE MARSHALL

CONCERT PIANIST  
Pupil of Herr Martin Krause and Mr. H. M. Field, of Leipzig.  
Will receive pupils for the piano.  
Address—328 Wellesley Street.

## MR. W. O. FORSYTH

(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
PRIVATE PIANO INSTRUCTION  
Harmony, Composition, etc. Training students for the profession and finished solo piano playing a specialty. Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E. Toronto. Residence telephone 4212.

## J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School.  
13 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

## FRANK S. WELSMAN

PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER  
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and Richard Hofmann.  
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of Music, also at Miss Veal's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill College. Tel. 3391.

## W. J. McNALLY

Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church.  
Teacher of Piano Playing in the Toronto Conservatory of Music  
Residence—250 Major Street

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

MISS VIA MACMILLAN | Room 20, 2 College St.  
Wednesday and Saturday  
A NEW CLASS NOW FORMING

## NOW READY 120 Scotch Songs

The most elegant and complete collection of Scotch Songs ever offered in one volume.

## PRICE 50 CTS.

## WHALEY, ROYCE &amp; CO.

Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

## GEORGE F. SMEDLEY

Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

## MRS. J. W. BRADLEY

Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Varsity Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

## MR. A. S. VOGT

Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 331 Bloor Street West.

## MISS MARY HEWITT SMART

... SOPRANO ...  
Voice Culture and Piano  
Address St. Margaret's College, or Studio U, Yonge Street Arcade.

## WILLIAM REED

CONCERT ORGANIST  
Teacher of PIANO, ORGAN and THEORY  
Address Conservatory of Music, or 140 St. Patrick Street.

## MR. HARRY M. FIELD

OF LEIPZIG, GERMANY  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 25 Church Street, or Prof. Martin Krause, 36 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

## MISS EUGENIE J. A. QUEHEN

L.R.A.M. Medalist R.A.M., England.  
Receives pupils for Piano and Theory. Accompanist.  
Lee Avenue P. O.

## MISS PERCIVAL ROBINSON

(Pianist at Rossini's season of '99)  
Accepts engagements to play at dances.  
30 Brunswick Avenue.

## MR. and MRS. A. B. JURY

Piano, Organ and Voice Culture  
Pupils taken.  
Residence and Studio, 55 Alexander St.

## MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE

CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as taught by Mr. H. M. Field. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 218 John St. Phone 8266.

## W. Y. ARCHIBALD

Tenor—Teacher of Singing  
At Metropolitan College of Music  
Studio—Nordheimer's.

## MISS MARGARET M. SILL

Teacher of Piano Playing. Certified pupil Prof. Martin Krause and H. M. Field. Just returned from Leipzig College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, or 217 Mutual Street.

## Studio and Gallery

MILLET.

**J**EAN FRANCOIS MILLET, The Great Poet of Peasant Suffering, was the subject of the very interesting lecture given by Miss Laura Muniz, O.S.A., before a sympathetic audience in St. Margaret's College last week, accompanying her address with numerous reproductions of the works of the artist. We know of a no more touching and sublime history, perhaps, in all the annals of art than that of Millet. Intensity may be said to have been its key-note. When we muse on the facts of his early environments, and of the distinguishing characteristics of his individuality, apparent so early, we say, surely intensity he must express.

The religion of the home was intense in character. The increasing drudgery of the peasant life, of himself—and some tell us, more especially, of his mother—seized his soul in its most impressionable years. The great hungry sea which lashed the shores of his native village, and which hurled, oft, its prey of human corpses on them, with loud roar and ghostly shriek, terrified him and sent him about his work in deep grief for days at a time. His appreciation of natural phenomena was intense, as was that of his father also. His themes were ever the homely scenes of peasant life. Says M. Theophile Silvestre: "He is a man of the fields and lives there. He will tell you the quality and substance of the land as a man used to crumbling away a clod between his fingers. Without artifice or invention he spreads out to the horizon the land he knows so well, in a perfect ensemble without solution of continuity, like a fabric woven by himself."

His struggle for the existence of his art life was surely intense. No man made Millet, or helped to make him, an artist, not even as far as man can make or help another. Parisian snobbery and ultra-daintiness shuddered at his realistic presentation of homely toil and the sacred trivialities of life—if any such home scenes are trivial. David and his school knew not such an art as Millet would have painted. Alone he toiled, conviction developing conviction, strengthened by little encouragement of an external character. All the outward circumstances of his life were antagonistic to art development as we are prone to regard it. Nor did he neglect mental culture. No ignorant rustic nor sensual artist was he. He read everything, says M. Sessler, from the *Almanach Boiteux* of Strasbourg up to Paul de Kock, from Homer to Beranger. He had a passion for Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, the Faust of Goethe, and for German ballads. Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand had especially made a lively impression upon him. The Bible, M. Pichonnet says, heads his list. Theocritus, Virgil, Bernardin de St. Pierre and Lamartine were also favorites, yet with all this wealth of knowledge we have no pedant, but one with a soul great enough to interpret the significance of life in its most lowly and in some of its most unattractive forms.

Between this poet-artist of France's peasant-life and the artist-poet of Scotland's peasant-life, Robert Burns, nationality and environments given due consideration, there is a great similarity. What glimpses of the sacredness, simplicity and dignity of Scotch peasant-life in the Cotter's Saturday Night, Millet gives us, in paint, of French life! The themes are strikingly similar. The topics of Millet and those of Burns are very similar, and both are treated out of a depth of abounding conviction, and intense sympathy with their theme. Family dignity, for instance, so prominent a feature of Scottish character, Millet early learned, and inherited this valuable pride from those who could consistently say to him, as his dying grandmother did, "Remember the virtues of your ancestors." No manner of vice shadowed Millet's fair, serious character. How applicable to Millet are Carlyle's words on Burns:

The rough scenes of country life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him; poverty is indeed his companion, but love also, and courage, the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul, and they rise in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

Both Millet and Burns say with Gray: Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joy, and destiny obscure, Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile, The short but simple annals of the poor. Of Millet productions fortunately much remains, and these paintings, which sold many of them for a few sovereigns in his lifetime to keep him and his family in bread, are now out of the financial reach of most, and stored in the Louvre, Paris;



**PYROGRAPHY** We keep a good assortment of oil tints and paints for Burnt Wood and Pencil Work. A nice Christmas gift. See them.

**THE ART METROPOLE** The Complete Art Store (Unlimited) 131 and 133 Yonge Street, Toronto

**R. F. GAGEN,** Studio—90 Yonge Street. Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

**J. W. L. FORSTER** PORTRAIT PAINTING Studio: 34 King Street West

**MISS EDITH HEMMING** PORTRAITS, MINIATURES Studio—382 Church Street, Toronto

The Hague, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Brussels, London, and other large art centers. Four catalogues contain the list of original etchings, woodcuts, lithographs, and heliographs. The etchings and engravings after his pictures abound, and we are glad to say that in these days of cheap art they can be had for a trifle, and are very good at that.

The Educational Publishing Company of Boston is issuing a series of works of great artists, Millet amongst them, containing very nice plates of the original works, in clear type and lovely paper, for \$2.50 a year, weekly.

Another publication which promises excellent material both in subject matter and in illustrations of the works of great artists, comes also from Boston. It is to be issued monthly. Its prospectus is just out. Ten reproductions, an account of the life and criticism of the work of one great artist, will constitute the subject of these monthly monographs, and the price, yearly, is \$1.50. There will also be with each number a portrait of the artist forming the subject of the month.

An exhibition which promises to be of more than usual interest opens to-day at the home of O. P. Staples, 7 Maitland place. It consists of quite a large collection of paintings, in oils, and not a few pieces in pastel, and embraces quite a year's work of serious art study. Those who have been in touch with Mr. Staples' recent art expression have marked the rapid and sure development in all that constitutes good art. A visit to his studio to-day or any day during the following week will find many subjects of interest expressed in true art language.

The exhibition of the works of the Art Students' League of Toronto, now open at Matthews' Art Gallery, has been of interest to very many, as the work of such an organization should be. A prominent feature of the display is the drawings for the new calendar for 1900. As usual, Canadian sentiment is embodied in art expression, and we have scenes of The Mines, The Emigrants of 1830, an Old Homestead in Nova Scotia, The Golden North, and like scenes. Four excellent designs for Book Plates by N. W. Crouch have evidently found an appreciator. W. D. Blatchly's Turkeys, with its comfortable warm tones in the foreground and masses of tall trees, is a pleasing picture, as are also his scenes in which spring bloom appears, Nos. 5 and 7. The low-toned but essentially mellow and warm October Afternoon by F. H. Bridgen all will like, as also In the Harbor of St. John, with its well defined multiplicity of sails receding truthfully from a foreground of grey water. Rural Architecture, some dainty sketches in pencil, and a compact Decorative Panel with somewhat minute detail, are interesting productions by A. H. Howard. C. W. Jeffreys is sufficiently master of his craft to catch more of the spirit than the letter of his subject—always an evidence of growth—and is a pleasing mean between the two extremes of unintelligible impressionism and too literal realism, as his March on the Hill, Melting Snow, reveal. St. David's Pool by C. M. Manly and A. Queenston Mountain are popular subjects. Our Village, in oil, is of the English school, and we like particularly A Heavy Rain. Some water color scenes, one on the Richelieu particularly, and others of typical Canadian scenery, are careful in execution, that of Belleville being somewhat topographical, if a semi-marine can literally be called topographical. Some good skies, with motion and depth and brilliancy, shine forth from some of the pieces of W. W. Alexander, especially in Nos. 1 and 2 with their charming windmills. Two scenes on Richelieu River by R. Holmes are interesting studies. JEAN GRANT.

Have you read Society Types by K. K. (Lady Gay)?

## A Cent.

**A** YOUNG man came to a great Eastern city. He bought a newspaper from a little fellow on a street corner and gave him a nickel for it. The child counted out four cents and offered them as change. The young man had come from the West. There seemed to him to be something insolently trivial about a cent. He looked at the tattered boy with eyes that expressed a personal compassion and a commercial contempt, and refused the change.

The young man stayed in the city and grew older in several ways. One day when he had bought a one-cent newspaper from a boy and accepted the change he recalled the fine contempt with which he had treated the copper coin in other days. He wondered if he had become smaller and meaner—if a system of greed which confers magnitude upon molecules had destroyed his primal generosity.

He was not the first to miss the real meaning of a cent—a coin which, instead of minimizing life, represents the spread of the refinements, the more exquisite human capacities. The schoolbooks tell us that a dollar is the unit of value, but they were made in a duller age and we have not had time to change them. The real unit is the cent—the basis upon which coal is dug, wheat grown and products manufactured. A dollar is as useless for the delicate manipulations of commerce as a language of nouns would be for poetry. The cent fits like an adjective into the complexities of the time—pays the laborer the exact amount that he can earn, shades to a nicety the value of every article produced, and, by the minuteness of the differentiation which it creates, adds incalculably to the avenues and rewards of human effort. It seemed a petty thing to the young man from the West that even a child should be called upon to engage in any transaction for a cent, and yet it was doubtless the ability to sell his commodity for that price which made it possible for the newsboy to earn a living. In few ways has the fractionizing of life worked more benefits than in the additional employment which has been

afforded to the children of the poor by the vast circulations of the one-cent papers. Life develops toward the subtleties, and no doubt in time—bar cataclysms—the cent will become too clumsy, and ultra-refined civilization will find its unit of value in the mill.—Fred Nye in *Saturday Evening Post*.

## Not So Savage as He Looked.

**M**ANY years ago a number of Peoria Indians organized a show company and made a tour of the East. They were mostly half-breeds and all were thoroughly educated in English, but it was stipulated by the management that they must talk only in their native tongue, and when they got on their war togs they looked savage enough, indeed. Among the company was Will Labadie, well known in Galena, and one evening he was standing in the corner of an Eastern hotel, dressed in his chief's robes and looking every inch a savage man of fiction, when he was approached by an elegantly gowned lady, and the following conversation ensued:

"How—"  
"Ugh."  
"You big chief in your own country?"  
"Ugh."  
"You go to Washington to see great White Father?"  
"Ugh."  
"You cannot speak white man's tongue; you no speak English!"  
"No, madam, I regret to say that I do not understand the language."

The poor woman was greatly surprised and embarrassed, but perhaps not so much as a bevy of girls on a later occasion. In almost every town some of the audience would remain behind to get a better view of the awful savages. One night Labadie had taken his seat in the orchestra box after the show and four or five young ladies who were standing near commenced to comment on his personal appearance. "How would you like to kiss him?" said one of the maidens, with a titter. "Oh, girls! let's do it just to see how it would feel to kiss a real Indian!" exclaimed one more daring than the rest, whereupon Labadie turned calmly to them and said: "Ladies, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to give you a practical illustration of the osculatory accomplishments of the red man."

There was a chorus of little screams, a swish of skirts and the theater was empty.—Galena Republican.

## HEALTH OF SCHOOL GIRLS



The Surest Method of Maintaining and Restoring Health is Found in the use of **DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**

The care that should be exercised over girls between the ages of ten and sixteen was particularly dwelt upon by the Committee on Health of Pupils at a recent meeting of the New York Board of Education. The chairman, a leading physician, said that parents little imagined how great and prevalent was the injury done to girls by over-application to study during this period.

For reasons connected with the physiological structure of women, it is of utmost importance that at this time, when the peculiarly feminine organs are beginning to assume their functions, the nervous system should not be exhausted by over-exertion and anxiety caused by school work and examinations.

What a host of pale, weak, nervous girls attend the schools. Girls whose nervous system is a wreck on account of the strain put upon them at this period of life. Girls who could become plump, rosy, and healthy by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative.

What a terrible mistake mothers make by neglecting the health of their daughters at this time, when a few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food would effect a complete restoration, and prepare them for the duties of their future life.

There is today a vast army of healthy, happy, well-developed girls and women who give all credit for their restoration to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, girls and women who were pale, weak, nervous and despondent, but who now rejoice in the vigor of youth. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## To Los Angeles and Southern California.

Every Friday night at 10:35 a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service, and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only \$6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Freight and Passenger Agent, 8 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

REGINA  
THE QUEEN OF MUSIC BOXES

WITH INTERCHANGEABLE TUNE DISCS

Plays 1000  
TunesA Most Welcome  
Present

An endless variety of styles, both cabinet and upright, to select from.

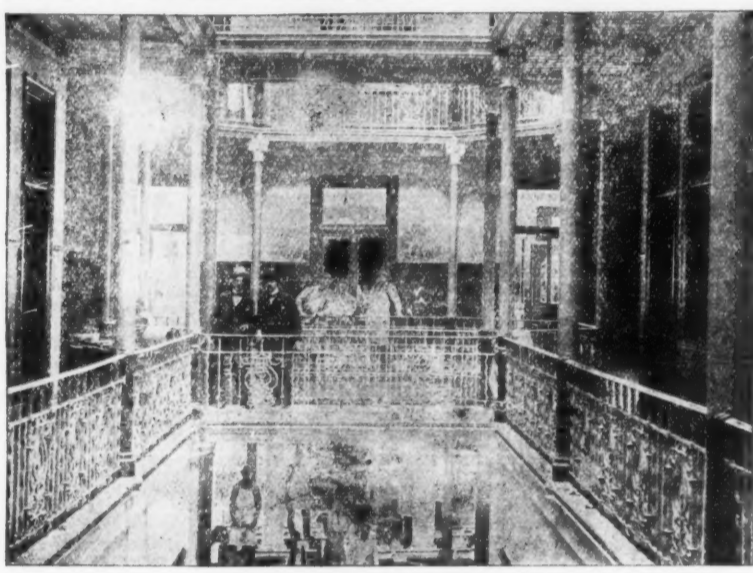
Their superiority in tone, mechanism and every other detail over all others can be instantly demonstrated by anyone who will make the comparison. They are long-running, easy to operate, and play all the favorite music, both classic and the popular up-to-date.

MECHANICALLY it is faultless, MUSICALLY the highest achievement of its kind, IN APPEARANCE an ornament anywhere

INSPECTION INVITED

Illustrated Catalogue and  
Tune Lists on applicationWHALEY, ROYCE & CO. Agents  
158 Yonge Street, TORONTO

## SOUTH AFRICA



Interior view of Office Building, Johannesburg, S.A.R. J. W. Taylor, Heating Contractor.

Heated  
with

Safford Radiators

MADE BY  
DOMINION RADIATOR CO., Limited  
TORONTOSomatose  
A TASTELESS ODORLESS  
NUTRIENT MEAT  
POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

DOMINION DYEWOOD &amp; CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)

VOL. LIV. NO. 6

DECEMBER, 1899.

THE  
DELINEATOR

Yuletide Number

The  
Delineator  
Pub. Co. of  
Toronto,  
LimitedPrinted  
in  
Toronto

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00. SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

The Ladies'  
Favorite Magazine

THE DELINEATOR earned this title long ago, and each succeeding year confirms its right to it. Very marked improvements have recently been made and more are being added.

## THE DELINEATOR

contains from 125 to 150 pages each month. The largest, most representative and thoroughly up-to-date of all the ladies magazines published.

**LATEST FASHIONS**  
STYLISH MILLINERY  
FANCY-WORK  
HOUSE FURNISHING

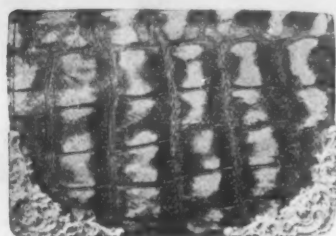
**WOMEN'S EDUCATION**  
WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENTS  
HOUSEHOLD DUTIES  
COOKERY

**ENTERTAINMENTS**  
ETIQUETTE  
BEAUTY  
HYGIENE

**SHORT STORIES, Etc., Etc.**  
A year's subscription would be a very acceptable Christmas Present. The first number mailed on receipt of order or on any day desired.

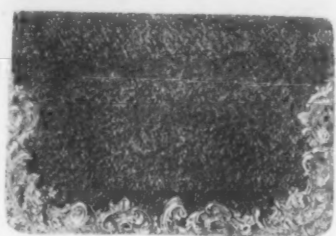
Subscription Price \$1.00 a year  
Single Copies 15 cents each

The DELINEATOR PUBLISHING CO.  
OF TORONTO, LIMITED  
33 Richmond Street West, Toronto



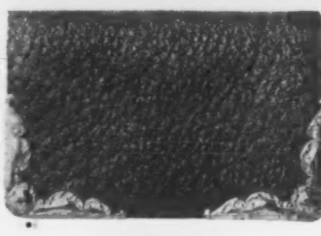
**ALLIGATOR EFFLEURE**  
In Fancy Shadings  
PRICE, \$3.50

STERLING  
SILVER  
INITIALS  
50c.  
EACH



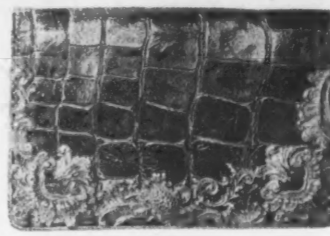
**REAL SEAL**  
Grey, Brown, Chocolate, Green, Cedar,  
Cement Colors  
PRICES, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00

UNIQUE  
DESIGNS  
IN  
MOUNTINGS  
IN  
GOLD  
OXYDIZED  
AND  
STERLING  
SILVER



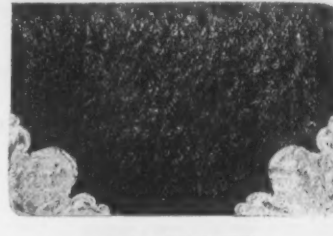
**CAPE GOAT**  
Grey, Dark Green, Black and Brown  
PRICE, \$4.50

SHIELDS  
AND  
FULL SIZED  
FRONTS  
IN  
GOLD  
OXYDIZED  
AND  
STERLING  
SILVER

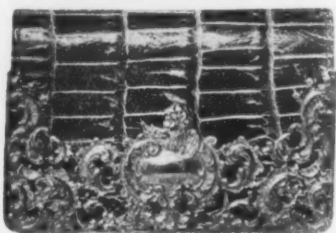


**PORCELAIN FINISHED ALLIGATOR**  
In the most attractive colors  
PRICE, \$3.50

STERLING  
SILVER  
MONOGRAMS  
MADE  
TO  
ORDER  
\$1.25



**REAL MONKEY**  
In Blue Grey, Green, Havana Brown,  
Black, Beal  
PRICES, \$3.50 to \$5.00

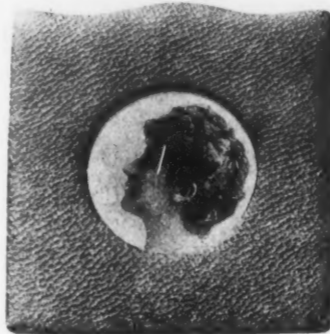


**MAJOLICA FINISHED ALLIGATOR**  
In Gray, Heliotrope and Terra Cotta  
PRICE, \$3.50

## OUR ESTABLISHMENT

Is the largest of the kind in the world,  
and we are the only

Makers of Fine Leather Goods  
Selling Direct to the Public



**PHOTO CASES**  
PRICES, - 75c. to \$2.00

## Holiday Gifts IN LEATHER

ARE ACCEPTABLE BECAUSE THEY ARE

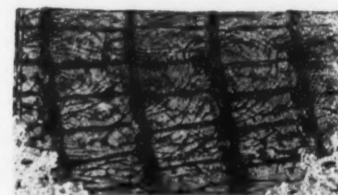
Attractive  
and Useful



**BRAZILIAN CALF**  
In Grey, Brown and Black  
PRICE, \$4.50.



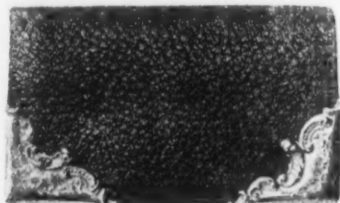
**PLAYING  
CARD CASES**  
In all leathers  
Complete with Gilt Edge  
Cards  
PRICES—\$1.00 and \$1.25



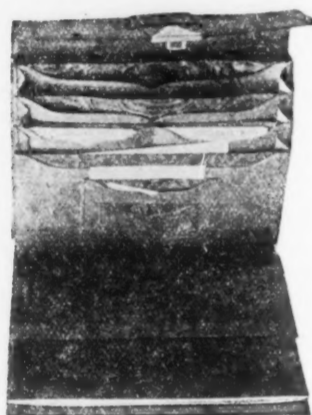
**Small Narrow Combination Pocket Books**  
PRICES, \$1.00 to \$2.25



**FLAT COLLAR  
AND CUFF CASES**  
In Seal, Morocco and Strap  
Leather  
PRICES, \$1.50, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00

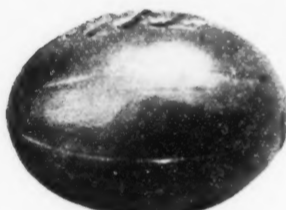


**NARROW COMBINATION PURSES**  
In all leathers, colors and qualities  
PRICES FROM 75c. TO \$3.50



**Writing Cases**  
WHAT MORE ACCEPTABLE  
CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Prices, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00,  
\$3.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00,  
\$9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 13.00,  
\$14.00



**INK BOTTLES**  
In Odd Shapes  
BAG, - 35c.  
FOOTBALL, - 35c. and 50c.

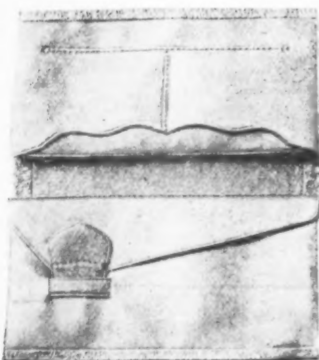


**MUSIC HOLDERS  
MUSIC ROLLS | MUSIC CASES**  
PRICES FROM \$1.00 TO \$6.00



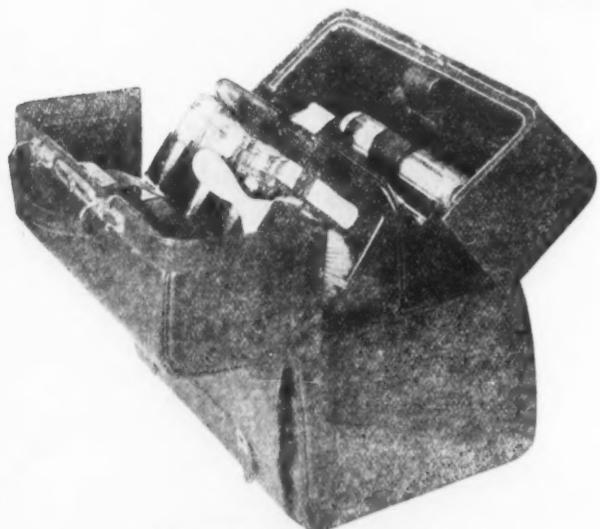
**MILITARY BRUSHES**  
In Ebony, Satinwood and  
Foxwood  
PRICES, \$3.00 to \$5.00

**CAR  
TICKET  
HOLDERS**  
Prices, 10c. to 50c.



**STAMP  
CASES**  
With Wax Pacer  
Prices, 15c., 25c., 35c.

**Men's Card Cases**  
In all Leathers and Qualities  
PRICES, 35c to \$1.25



**TOILET BAGS**  
Prices - \$12.00 to \$65.00

# The JULIAN SALE Leather Goods Co. Limited

Makers of  
**Fine Traveling  
Leather Goods**  
and

**105 KING ST. WEST**

ALL CARS STOP AT DOOR.

Illustrated  
**64 Page Catalogue**

MAILED ON REQUEST

**Goods Delivered Free**

TO ALL PARTS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

**Our Mail Order System**

Is Perfect, and we assure you of entire  
satisfaction in ordering by mail.



**SUIT CASES**

A thoroughly appropriate gift to either lady or gentleman  
Prices from \$5.00 to \$13.00



**Chatelaine Bags**

MADE IN  
REAL MONKEY  
REAL ALLIGATOR  
REAL SEAL  
REAL MOROCCO  
SEAL GRAIN

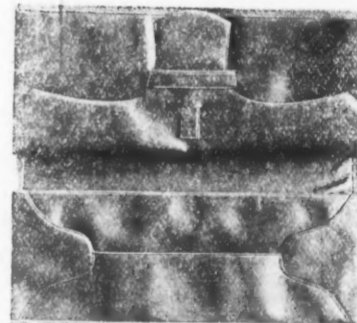
PRICES, - \$1.25 to \$4.00



**Man's Combination of Coin Purse  
and Bill Fold**  
PRICES, 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50



**DRINKING GLASS**  
In Pig Skin Case with Cork Lining  
In Three sizes  
PRICES, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00



**BILL BOOKS**  
In Seal, Morocco, Russia  
PRICES, \$1.00 to \$4.00



**FLASKS**  
With Bayonet or Screw Top  
PRICES, 75c. to \$9.00

**LETTER CASES**  
In fine leathers  
PRICES, 75c. to \$4.00



**TRAVELING BAGS**

The most complete stock in Canada